# SONGS OF

# JOY AND GLADNESS

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

W. MCDONALL JAMES ATRICK

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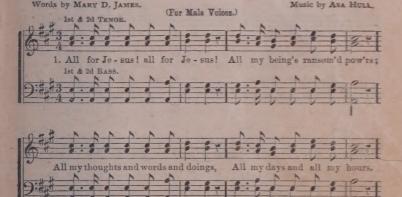




## SONGS OF JOY AND GLADNESS.



## All for Jesus!





2 Let my hands perform his bidding; Let my feet run in his ways; Let my eyes see Jesus only; Let my lips speak forth his praise.

All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth his praise.

3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty, Cling to gilded toys of dust, Boast of wealth and fame and pleasure: Only Jesus will I trust.

Only Jesus! only Jesus! Only Jesus will I trust.

- 4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all beside,
  - So enchained my spirit's vision, Looking at the crucified. All for Jesus! all for Jesus! All for Jesus crucified.
- b Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
  Jesus glorious King of kings,
  Deigns to call me his beloved,
  Lets me rest beneath his wings.
  All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
  Resting now beneath his wings.

Copyright 1872, by ASA HULL .- FROM "GOSPET TRAINE BOOK," BY DESCRIPTION

CBPac PACIFIC SCHOOL

## 19708Cleansing Fountain. C. M.



- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there have I, as vile as he, Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save, When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave.

#### LONGING TO BE DISSOLVED IN LOVE.

1 Jesus hath died that I might live, Might live to God alone; In him eternal life receive, And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace, The gift unspeakable:

And wait with arms of faith t'embrace, 5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice, And all thy love to feel.

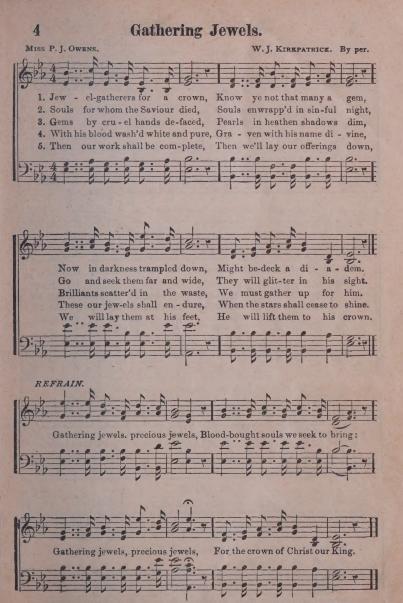
3 My soul breaks out in strong desire The perfect bliss to prove;

My longing heart is all on fire To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself: from every boast, From every wish set free; Let all I am in thee be lost, But give thyself to me.

Unless thyself be given;

Thy presence makes my paradise, And where thou art is heaven.





Copyright, 1875, by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON and W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



## Sinking out of Self.

Words by Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

Music by Rev. R. Lower.

From "WELCOME TIDINGS," by per.

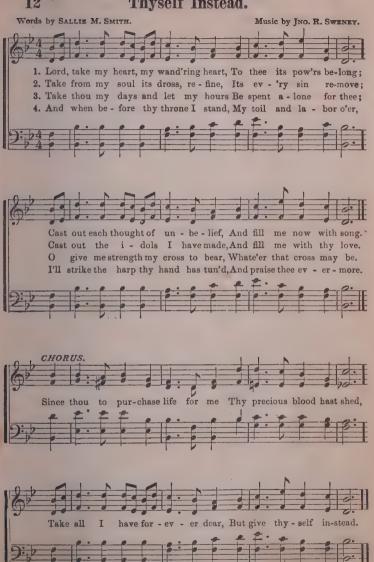












## Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

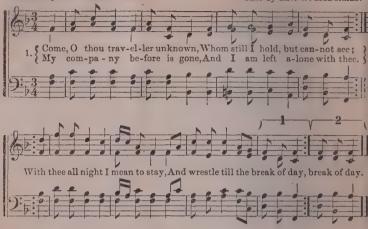


## Happy in Jesus.





Arr. by Rev. W. McDonald.



I need not tell thee who I am:

My sin and miscry declare; Thyself hast called me by my name; Look on thy hands, and read it there; But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3

In vain thou strugglest to get free; I never will unloose my hold: Art thou the Man that died for me? The secret of thy love unfold: Wrestling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy nature know. Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:

To know it now resolved I am: Wrestling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5

What tho' my shrinking flesh complain, And murmur to contend so long? I rise superior to my pain;

When I am weak, then I am strong; And when my all of strength shall fail, I shall with the God-man prevail.

16

#### VICTORIOUS PRAYER.

Yield to me now, for I am weak, But confident in self-despair; Speak to my heart, in blessing, speak; Be conquer'd by my instant prayer; Speak, or thou never hence shalt move, And tell me if thy name be Love?

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou di'dst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;

The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,—
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer has pow'r with God; the grace Unspeakable I now receive; Through faith I see thee face to face;

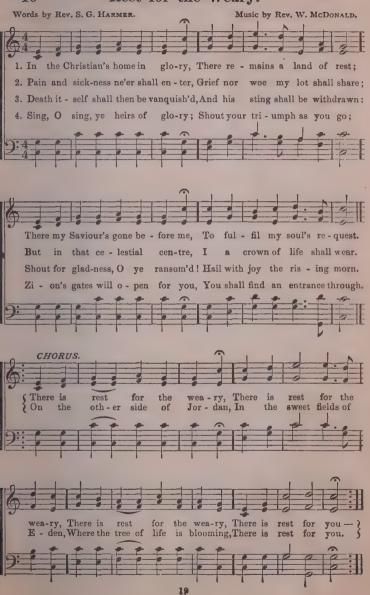
I see thee face to face, and live! In vain I have not wept and strove; Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,— Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend; Nor wilt thou with the night depart, But stay and love me to the end:

Thy mercies never shall remove; Thy nature and thy name is Love.



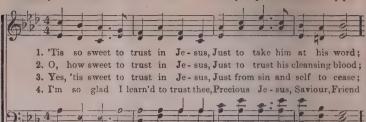


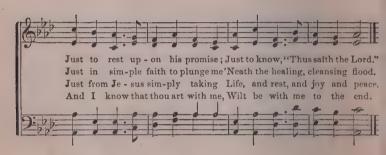


## 20 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Words by Mrs. Louisa M. R. STEAD.

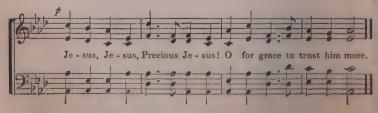
Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

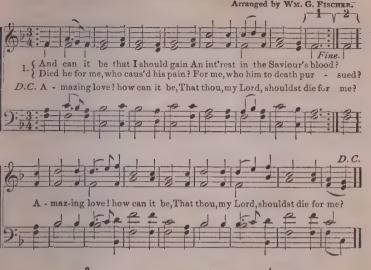












Tis myst'ry all: th'Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
Tis mercy all! let earth adore;
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3
He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O, my God, it found out me!

Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flam'd with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free—
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

No condemnation now I dread; Jesus, with all in him, is mine; Alive in him my living Head, And cloth'd in right'ousness divine, Bold I approach th' eternal throne,

And claim the crown thro' Christ my own.

#### BELIEVING AGAINST HOPE.

Away, my unbelieving fear!

Fear shall in me no more have place;

My Saviour doth not yet appear—

He hides the brightness of his face;

But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?

No, in the strength of Jesus, no, I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny, Although the olive yield no oil, The with ring fig trees droop and die, The field's elude the tiller's toil: The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

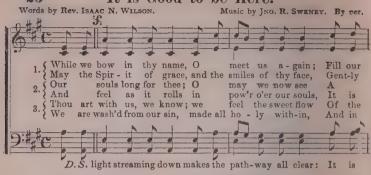
3 In hope, believing against hope, Jesus, my Lord, my God I claim; Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up; Salvation is in Jesus' name; To me he soon shall bring it nigh,

My soul shall then outstrip the wind; On wings of love mount up on high, And leave the world and sin behind.

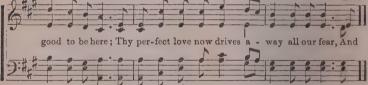
21



### It is Good to be Here.







Copyright, 1879, by Yno. R. SWENEY. \_\_\_\_

#### O HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

1 O how happy are they Who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasures above;

Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace

Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine.

When my heart first believed, What a joy I received -

What a heaven in Jesus' name! (22) To redeem even rebels like me.

3 'Twas a heaven below. My Redeemer to know;

And the angels could do nothing more Than to fall at his feet, And the story repeat,

And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long, When the favor divine

Was my joy and my song;

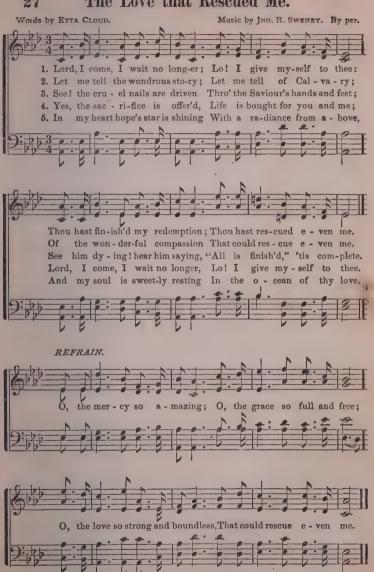
I received through the blood of the Lamb; O, that all his salvation might see: He hath loved me, I cried,

He hath suffered and died,





### The Love that Rescued Me.



Companionship with Jesus. Words by MARY D. JAMES. Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per. 1. Oh, bles - sed fel - low-ship divine! Oh, joy supremely sweet! Com-2. I'm walk-ing close to Je-sus' side; So close that I can hear 3. I'm lean - ing on his loving breast, A-long life's weary way; know his shelt'ring wings of love Are al-ways o'er me spread; And pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete: In soft - est whispers of his love In fel - low-ship so dear, path, il - lumined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day: though the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My un - ion with the pur - est one, find my heav'n on earth be-gun. feel his great Al-might-y hand Protects me in this hostile land. no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might-y Friend so near. peace-ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov-ert of thy wings. REFRAIN. Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time! Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all





Follow me, come, follow me; Thy heavy lead my arm upbears, Follow me, come, follow me. Lean on my breast, dismiss thy fears, And trust me through the future years, My hand shall wipe away thy tears,

Follow me, come, follow me.

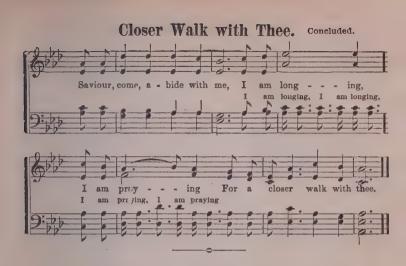
5 Dear Lord, I yield to all thy will, I'll follow thee, yes, follow thee; O! bid my struggling soul be still, I'll follow thee, yes, follow thee. Come cleanse, and with thy Spirit fill, And keep me safe from every ill, And all thy word in me fulfil, I'll follow thee, yes, follow thee.

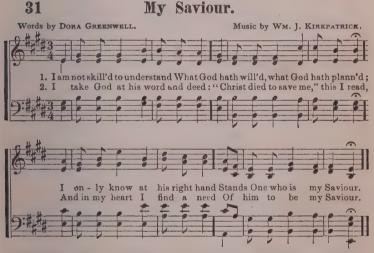
lost

in thee, Till my soul is

lost in thee;

Till my soul is





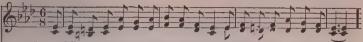
- 3 And was there, then, no other way For God to take?-I cannot say: I only bless him, day by day, Who saved me through my Saviour.
- 4 That he should leave his place on high 6 Yea, living, dying, let me bring And come for sinful man to die, You count it strange?-so do not I, Since I have known my Saviour.
- 5 And oh! that he fulfilled may see The travail of his soul in me, And with his work contented be, As I with my dear Saviour!
- My strength, my solace from this spring, That he who lives to be my King Once died to be my Saviour!



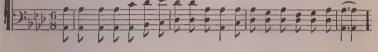
## My Spirit is Free.



Music by Rev. W. A. SPENCER. By per.



- follow the footsteps of Jesus, my Lord, His Spirit doth lead me a-long: 1. I 2. A. lep - er he found me, polluted by sin, From which he alone can set free;
- 3. A cap-tive in woe to my prison of night, The Master hath open'd the door;
- 4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full salvation is wrought For sinners from sorrow and woe:

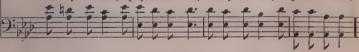


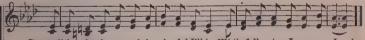


I walk in the pathway made plain by his word, And he fills all my soul with this song. He spake, in his mercy, "I will, be thou clean," And he instantly pu-ri-fied me. Shout aloud of deliv'rance, ye angels of light, Praise his name, O my soul, evermore. Sing aloud of his grace who my pardon has bought, "For his blood washes whiter than

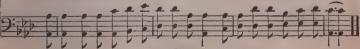




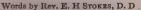




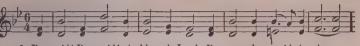
I'm walking the thorn-path, but joyful I'll be While following Jesus, my Lord.



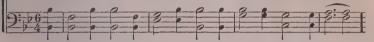


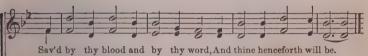


Music by Ino. A. Duncan. By per.

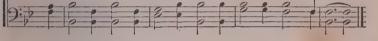


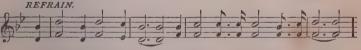
- 1. I'm sav'd! I'm sav'd! oh, blessed Lord, I'm sweet-ly sav'd in thee;
- 2. I'm sav'd! I'm sav'd! oh, joy sub-lime! I'm sav'd from self and sin;
- 3. Sav'd at the cross, the blessed cross; Sav'd without and with-in:
- 4. I'm sav'd! I'm sav'd! I'll tell it here, I'll sing it o'er and o'er;





I'm sav'd, I'm sav'd, oh, bliss di-vine! And love has clos'd me in.
I'm sav'd, I'm sav'd, oh, what a loss Who fail this joy to win.
I'm sav'd in Je-sus, oh, how sweet! I'll sing it ev - er-more.



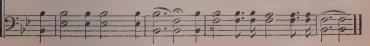


I'm sav'd! I'm sav'd! I'm sav'd! I'm wash'din the blood of the Lamb.





I'm sav'd! I'm sav'd! I'm sav'd! I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

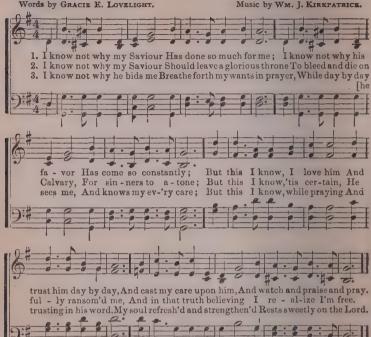








Words by GRACIE E. LOVELIGHT.



4 I know not where he leads me,

And yet I follow still: I know not why he needs me

My vineyard place to fill:

But this I know, at duty, In prayer or holy song,

My heart keeps overflowing With rapture all day long! Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, THOU HAST SAVED ME. (No. 33 in "Beulah Songs.")

1 Precious Saviour, thou hast sav'd me; Thine and only thine I am:

Oh, the cleansing blood has reach'd me, Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Chorus. Glory, glory, Jesus saves me, Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Oh, the cleansing blood has reach'd me, Glory, glory to the Lamb!

2 Long my yearning heart was trying To enjoy this perfect rest; But I gave all trying over:

Simply trusting, I was blest.

3 Trusting, trusting every moment; Feeling now the blood applied: (36) Lying at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

4 Consecrated to thy service, I will live and die to thee: I will witness to thy glory

Of salvation full and free.

5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus; He has sweetly saved my soul, Cleansed me from inbred corruption, Sanctified, and made me whole.

6 Glory to the blood that bought me, Glory to its cleansing power!

Glory to the blood that keeps me! Glory, clory evermore!

LOUISE M. ROUSE.









# Keep me Ever.







2 O why is thine apparel With reeking gore all dyed,

Like them that tread the wine-press red? O why this bloody tide?

"I the wine-press trod alone, 'Neath darkening skies;

Of the people there was none Mighty to save."

3 O, bleeding Lamb, my Saviour, How couldst thou bear this shame?

"With mercy fraught, mine own arm bro't Salvation in my name:

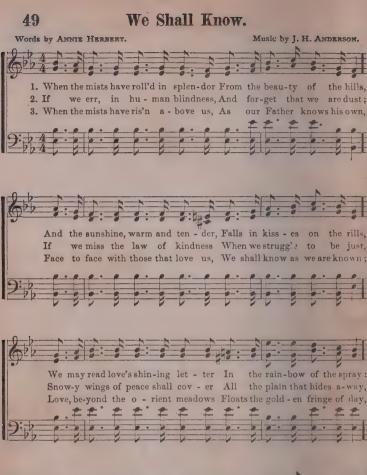
I the bloody fight have won, Conquered the grave;

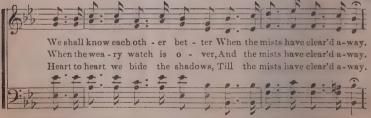
Now the year of joy has come, Mighty to save."

#### 47 The Rock that is Higher than I.



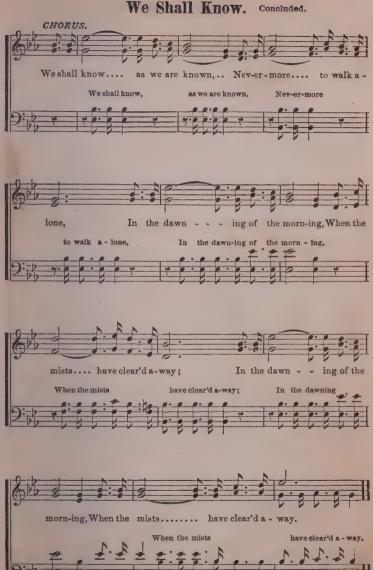






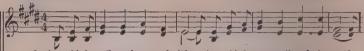
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#### We Shall Know, Concluded.

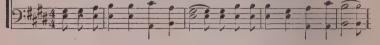


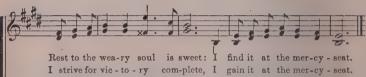
Words by E. CUTLER.

Music by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICE



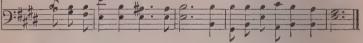
- 1. A mid the toils and cares of life, A mid the tur-moil and the strife,
- 2. In sore temptation's try-ing hour, When o'er the wi-ly tempter's pow'r
- 3. When darkness gathers round my way, And I can see no cheer-ing ray,
- 4. And when my path is bright and clear, Without a cloud of doubt or fear,

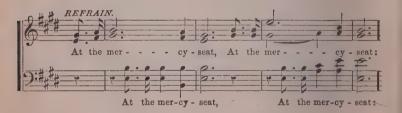




To guide my weary, falt -'ring feet, I tar-ry at the mer-cy - seat.

My heart is fill'd with peace so sweet, While waiting at the mer-cy - seat.

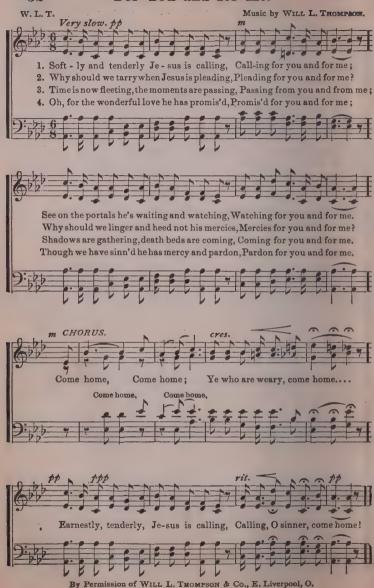






"For God so toved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,"-John 3: 16.

Words by Rev. F. DENISON. Music by W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per. 1. From Calvary's mountain sounding, What lov - ing words we my word be - liev - eth, We hear the Sav-iour broth-er, come and trust him, O, come to of God a - bound-ing, Dis-pel - ling all par - don full re'- ceiv - eth: All sins are wash'd a - way. re - ceive you, Why long-er then He's wait - ing be - liev - eth, Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth. be - liev - eth, Hath ev - er - last - ing

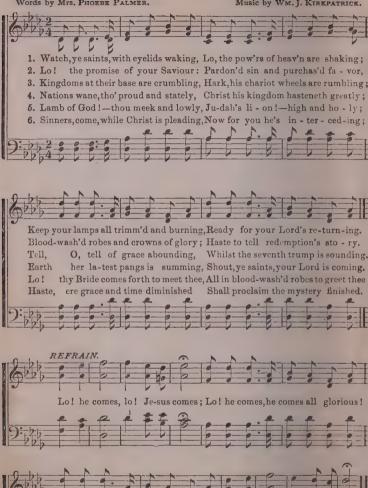




#### Jesus Comes.

Words by Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

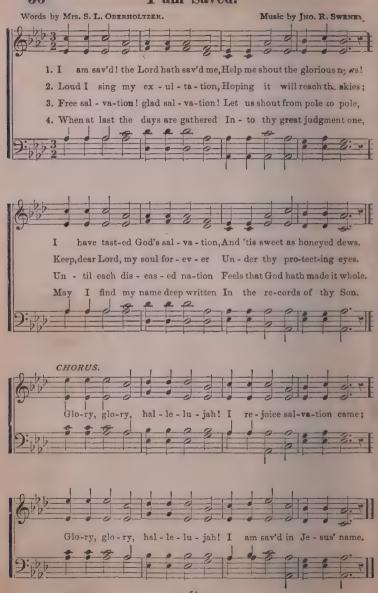
Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

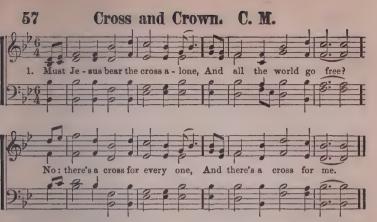


Je - sus comes to reign vic - to-rious, Lo! he comes, yes, Je-sus comes.









2 How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste unmingled love And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,

For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down At Jesus' pierced feet, Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,

And his dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!

Ye angels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul away.

58

LET HIM TO WHOM WE NOW BELONG.

1 Let him to whom we now belong, His Sovereign right assert; And take up every thankful song And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own, Who bought us with a price; The Christian lives to Christ alone; To Christ alone he dies. 3 Jesus! thine own at last receive; Fulfil our hearts' desire; And let us to thy glory live, And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign; With joy we render thee Our all,—no longer ours, but thine To all eternity.

59

O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD.

1 O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;— A heart that always feels thy blood,

A heart that always feels thy blood, So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak,—

Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:—

A heart in every thought renew'd

A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love Divine;
 Perfect and right, and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

60

COME, O MY GOD, THE PROMISE SEAL.

1 Come, O my God, the promise seal, This mountain sin remove; Now, in my waiting soul reveal The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness brought in;

I ask, desire, and trust in thee, To be redeemed from sin. 3 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up, My present Saviour thou! In all the confidence of hope, I claim the blessing now.

4 'Tis done: thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;

Redemption through thy blood I have, 5 And spotless love and peace.





Surrendered at Last.

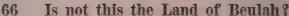
DR. L. MASON.

62

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns, The God of truth and love; And all our sins destroy; Let every bosom swell When he had purged our stains, He took his seat above. With pure seraphic joy. Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice; Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice; Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. 3 His kingdom cannot fail -6 Rejoice in glorious hope; He rules o'er earth and heaven; Jesus, the Judge, shall come The keys of death and hell And take his servants up Are to our Jesus given. To their eternal home. Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice; We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice; (57) The trump of God shall sound, -Rejoice! Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.









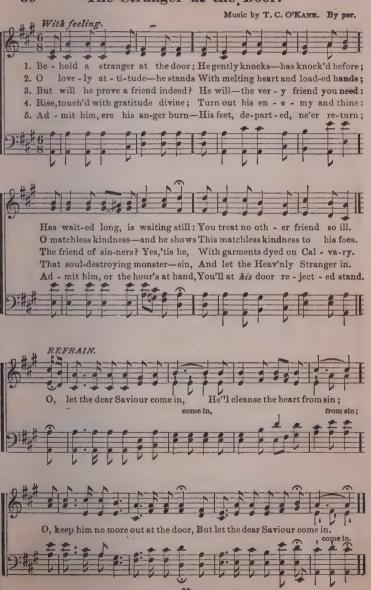
4 Tell me not of heavy crosses, Nor the burdens hard to bear, For I've found this great salvation Makes each burden light appear; And I love to follow Jesus, Gladly counting all but dross, Worldly honors all forsaking For the glory of the Cross. 5 (h), the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

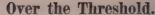


# 68 Trusting in the Promise.







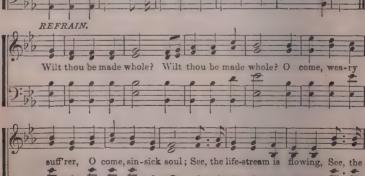




# 71 The Blessed Exchange.



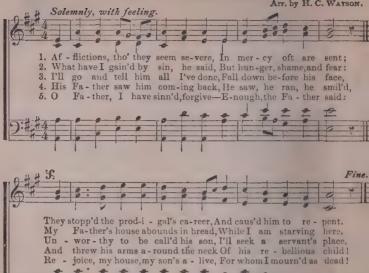




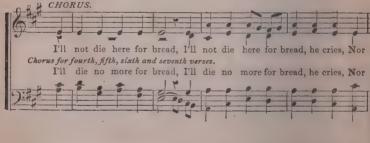
W. J. K.







D.S. My Fa-ther's house hath large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.





6 Now let the fatted calf be slain, And spread the news around: My son was dead, and lives again, Was lost, but now is found. I'll die no more, &c. 7 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals, To call poor sinners home: More than a father's love he feels.

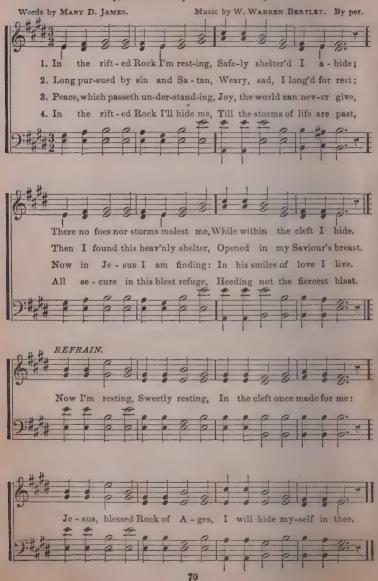
> And welcomes all that come. I'll die no more, &c.

#### The Half has Never been Told.



# Sweetly Resting.

(Dedicated to Chaplain C. C. Mc Cabe.)



I rest upon His Promise. Words by CHARLES WESLEY. Music by R. E. HUDSON. be-lieve a rest re-mains To all thy peo - ple known; 1. Lord, I 2. A rest, where all our soul's de - sire Is fix'd on things a - bove; 3. Oh! that I now the rest might know, Be-lieve, and en - ter in: 4. Re - move this hardness from my heart, This un - be - lief, re - move; rest where pure en-joy-ment reigns, And thou art lov'd a - lone. Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love. Now, Sav-iour, now the pow'r be - stow, And let me cease from sin. me the rest of faith im - part-The Sab-bath of thy love. CHORUS. rest up - on his promise, sure; I come, I wait

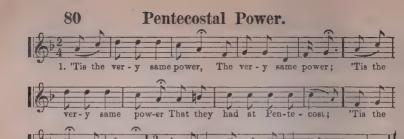
The cleansing of my heart from sin, The full - ness of his love.

From "Gems of Gospel Songs," by per.



# 79 The Angels are Looking on Me!



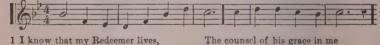


pow'r, the pow-er; 'Tis the pow'r that Je-sus promis'd should come down.

- 2 While with one accord assembled, All in an upper room, Came the power, etc.
- 3 With cloven tongues of fire, And a rushing mighty wind, Came the power, etc.
- 4 'Twas while they were all praying, And believing it would come, Came the power, etc.
- 5 Some thought they were fanatic, Or were drunken with new wine: "Twas the power, etc.

- 6 Three thousand were converted, And were added to the church, By the power, etc.
- 7 The martyrs had this power, As they triumphed in the flames; "Twas the power, etc.
- 8 Our fathers had this power, And we may have it too; 'Tis the power, etc.
- 9 'Tis the very same power, For I feel it in my soul; 'Tis the power, etc.

## 81 Northfield. C. M.



- And ever prays for me;
  A token of his love he gives —
  A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head:

  He brings salvation near;

  His presence makes me free indeed,

  And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be! What can withstand his will?

- The counsel of his grace in me He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
  I steadfastly believe
  Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
- And to thyself receive.

  5 When God is mine, and I am his,
  - Of paradise possess'd,
    I taste unutterable bliss
    And everlasting rest.

82

1 Jesus, united by thy grace, And each to each endear'd, With confidence we seek thy face, And know our prayer is heard.

- 2 Still let us own our common Lord, And bear thine easy yoke — A band of love, a threefold chord, Which never can be broke.
- 8 Make us into one spirit drink;
  Baptize into thy name;

JESUS, UNITED BY THY GRACE.

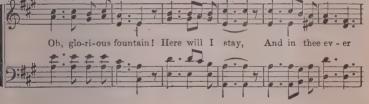
And let us always kindly think And sweetly speak the same.

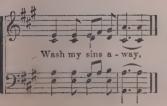
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love, Let all our hearts agree; And ever toward each other move,
- And ever toward each other move, And ever move toward thee.

  5 To thee, inseparably join'd,
  - Let all our spirits cleave; O may we all the loving mind

(74) That was in thee receive.







Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood: ||
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God: ||

Are saved, to sin no more.

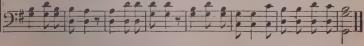
E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream :|
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, :|
And shall be till I die.



### I Need Thee, Concluded.











Music by Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP. By per. Words by FANNIE CROSBY. Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of as - sur-ance, 2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Visions of rap-ture burst all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am 3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God, Born of sight; An - gels descending, bring from a - bove Echoes my hap - py and blest; Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Fill'd with his CHORUS. Spir - it, wash'd in his blood. This is my sto - ry, mv mer - cy, whispers of love. goodness. lost in his Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my song, Praising my 80

1 Bless'd be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above,

2 Before our Father's throne,

We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes; Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear. 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. I. FAWCETT.

90

### OH, NOW I SEE THE ORIMSON WAVE. (B. S. 5.)

1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide; Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to his wounded side.

Chorus.

The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me! Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise; I hear the speaking blood! It speaks! polluted nature dies! Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood,

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light, Above the world and sin; [white, With heart made pure, and garments And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied,
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

PHOEBE PALMER.

91

#### HE LEADETH ME!

1 He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

Refrain.

He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea—Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur, nor repine— Content, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jordan leadeth me. Rev Jos, H. GLIMORE.

92

#### THE GREAT PHYSICIAN NOW IS NEAR. (B. S. St.)

The great Physician now is near,
 The sympathizing Jesus:
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.
 Chorus.

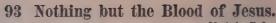
Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue; Sweetest carol ever sung,— Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven, Oh! hear the voice of Jesus: Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Jesus. 3 All glory to the dying Lamb, I now believe in Jesus: I love the blessed Saviour's name,

I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Jesus: Oh! how my soul delights to hear The charming name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above We rise to see our Jesus, We'll sing around the throne of love The name, the name of Jesus.





2 For my pardon this I see -Nothing but the blood of Jesus; For my cleansing, this my plea,—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—Cho.

3 Nothing can for sin atone, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

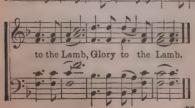
Nothing but the blood of Jesus. - Cto. 4 This is all my hope and peace-

Nothing but the blood of Jesus: This is all my righteousness -Nothing but the blood of Jesus. - Cho.

Copyright, 1876, by R. LOWRY. -Used by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

### Glory to the Lamb.

Rev. B. W. GORRAM. The world is overcome by the blood of the Lamb. Glory to the Lamb, Glory



- 2 My sins are wash'd away. In the blood of the Lamb.
- 3 I've wash'd my garments white, In the blood of the Lamb.
- 4 The martyrs overcame, By the blood of the Lamb.
- 5 I soon shall gain the skies, Through the blood of the Lamb.

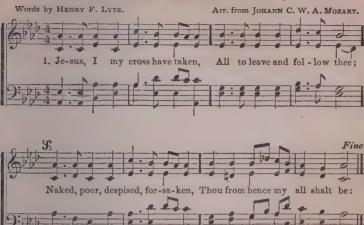
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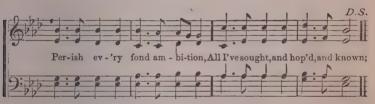


## Happy Tidings.

Words by LIZZIE EDWARDS. Music by Ino. R. SWENEY. By per. 1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joy-ful ech - o Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning. 3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain, Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call; Come, O come to - day. Christ, our lov-ing Saviour, Still repeats the call -Sweep-ing o'er the plain; On-ward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call: Come ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Who-so-ev-er ask-eth, Come ye wea-ry, hea-vy la-den, Room, room for all. Come, for ev-'ry thing is ready, Room, room for all. Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve. See the liv-ing waters, Flowing full and free; O the blessed who-so-ev-er, That means me. From "Songs of Triumph,"

# 97 Jesus, I my Cross have taken. 8, 7. D.





D. S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heav'n are still my

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

Show thy lace, and all is oright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee:

I have stayed my heart on thee:

Storms may how,, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me;

O'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;

Joy to find in every station Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee; What a Father's smile is thine;

What a Saviour died to win thee: Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;

Heaven's eternal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there. Soon shall close thy earthly mission,

Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days, Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## 98 Yield not to Temptation.



99

#### STAND UP POR JESUS!

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:

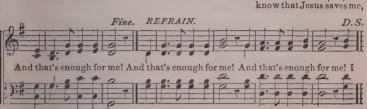
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory

Shall reign eternally.

### Enough for Me.





And that's enough for me!

- 2 O wonderful salvation! From sin he makes me free! I feel the sweet assurance, And that's enough for me!
- 3 O blood of Christ so precious. Poured out on Calvary! I feel its cleansing power, And that's enough for me!

### 101

#### OH, WONDROUS LOVE OF JESUS.

- 1 Oh, wondrous love of Jesus, He tasted death for me; He lives my King forever, And that's enough for me.
- 2 His blessed Holy Spirit With mine doth now agree; He tells me-I'm adopted: And that's enough for me.
- 3 I have his sweet communion. He walks-and talks with me,

- And fills my life with gladness-And that's enough for me.
- 4 Oh uttermost Salvation. A fountain full and free; Its streams to all are flowing-And that's enough for me.
- 5 His grace will be sufficient. Till I his glory see; Then safe at home forever-And that's enough for me.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

### 102

#### GOD LOVED THE WORLD OF SINNERS LOST. (B. S. 34.)

1 Gcd loved the world of sinners lost And ruined by the fall; Salvation full, at highest cost, He offers free to all.

Chorus.

O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim him mine, The risen Son of God; Redemption by his death I find,

And cleansing through his blood.

- 3 Love brings the glorious fullness in, And to his saints makes known, The blessed rest from inbred sin, Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go; There shall to you be given A glorious foretaste here, below, Of endless life in heaven.
- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power. Let all the ransom'd sing; And triumph in the dying hour, Thro' Christ, the Lord, our King. Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

## Triumph! Triumph!

103

[Lines written on the last words of REV. J. S. INSKIP.]





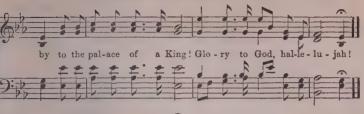




Glory to God, Hallelujah!

Music by W. J. KIRRPATRICK. Words by FANNY I. CROSBY. nev - er, nev - er wea - rv of the grand old song: 2. We are lost a - mid the rap-ture of re - deem - ing love; go - ing to a pal - ace that is gold; 4. There we'll shout re-deem-ing mer - cy in new song: We can sing it to God, hal - le - lu jah! Glo - TV loud as jah! Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu -We are ris-ing on to God, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - TY Where the King in all to God, hal - le - lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of ev - cr, with our faith more strong : Glo-ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! pin-ions to the hills a - bove: Glo-ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! splendor we shall soon be - hold: Glo-ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! Je-sus with the blood-wash'd throng: Glo-ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! CHORUS. the Lord have a right to shout and sing, For the way is growing bright and our souls are on the wing; We are going by and Copyright, 1885, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

## Glory to God, Hallelujah!

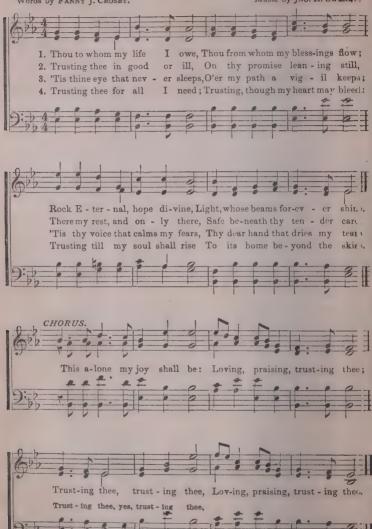






Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

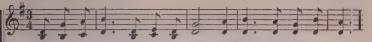
Music by JNO. R. SWENE !!,



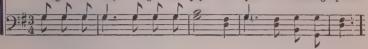
### 110 His Blood has made me Whole.

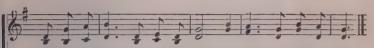
Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

Music by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICH.



- 1. I sought in tears my Saviour's cross, He turn'd and look'd on me:
- 2. With trembling step, be-neath its flood I plung'd my guilty soul,
- 3. O, love di-vine, where shall my tongue Its song of praise be gin?
- 4. It gave me life, it gave me joy! With per fect heal-ing pow'r



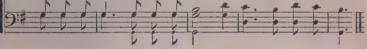


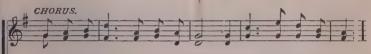
"Be-hold," he said, "the crimson fount Where flows my blood for thee!"

That now re-deem'd, can shout a - loud—His blood has made me whole!

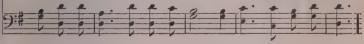
The precious blood of Christ, my Lord, Has cov - er'd all my sin.

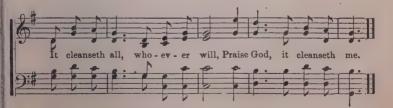
It sav'd through faith my broken heart, And saves me ev-'ry hour.





O, precious blood! oh, hallow'd blood! Thy sa - cred fount I see:



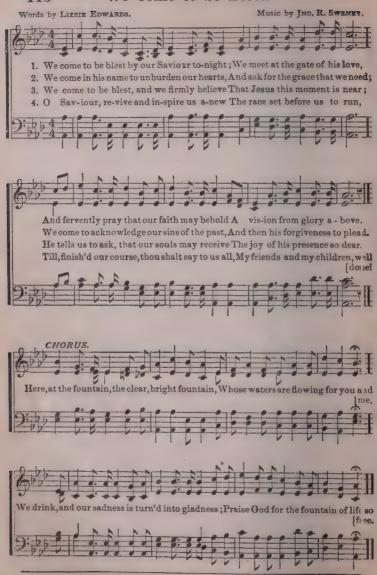




Words by FANNY 1. CROSBY.

Music by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.





## 114 Cleansed by the Blood.

Words by CARRIE M. WILSON. Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. ius - ti - fied by faith, And the peace of God is mine; his throne My be-liev - ing soul draws near; 2. Now with bold-ness to 3. O - ver - shadowed by his love. On my heart his name I bear: all To have con - se - cra - ted the ser - vice of jus - ti - fied by faith Thro' his right-eous - ness di-vine. his hand, Not with trembling, nor with fear. Ask-ing bless - ings at read my ti - tle clear, To a man-sion bright and fair. am lean - ing on his arm, And re-joic - ing in his Word. { Cleans'd by the blood he shed to pur-chase me, } Cleans'd by the blood to all e - ter - ni - ty; } Cleans'd by the blood, My song shall ev - er be, Cleans'd by the blood, hal - le - lu - jah!



Saved by Grace. \* Words by Dr. H. L. GILMOUR. Music by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK. 1. When ling'ring on life's sloping verge, As moments sink a - pace; 2. My Sav - iour shall be with me then; Its floods shall not ef - face 3. I long to see him as he is, When done with earth's embrace;
4. I soon shall hear the blood-wash'd throng, Throughout celestial space, 5. Dash on, old flood, thy surge is vain: My Saviour's love-ly face. Each, passing, brings the Jor - dan near: A sin - ner sav'd by grace. The peace - ful calm his pre - sence gives: A sin - ner sav'd by grace. long to know as I am known: A sin - ner sav'd by grace. Re - peat the grand, tri-umph-ant song Of sin - ners sav'd by grace. In death's dark vale, is bright to me: A sin - ner sav'd by grace. Sav'd by grace, sav'd by grace; Re - joice, ye blood-bought race: Pro-claim the ti - dings o'er and o'er, We're sav'd, we're sav'd by grace. Dying Words of Bishop Simpson. Copyright, 1885, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK

101

PACIFIC SCHOOL



### 118 Behold what Manner of Love.

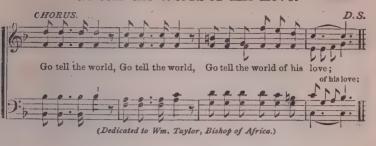
1 John, 3: 1. Words by HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. 1. Be - hold what manner of love, The Fa - ther on us hath bestow'd; That 2. No more in bondage of sin, Thro' grace we are free from the law; And 3. Our souls bro't nigh unto God, While low at his footstool we fall; Ac -4. O. love. O. wonderful love. Whose depth we can never ex-plore; We we by the Spirit, adopted his own, Should dwell in his blissful a-bode. now to the fountain of love we may come, New life from its waters to draw. cept-ed of Jesus, the son of his love, We praise the dear Father for all. think of its grandeur, and shouting aloud, Its Au - thor and giver a - dore. Be - hold what manner of love, Be - hold what manner of love The Father hath bestow'd up-on us, That we should be call'd the sons of God.

### 119 Go tell the World of His Love.

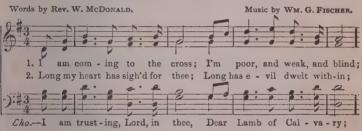


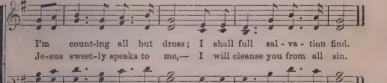
D.S. Cho. Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus, the Lord, Go tell the world of his love.

### Go tell the Wolld of His Love. Concluded.



## 120 I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.





Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

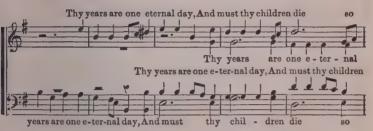
3 Here, I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be —
Wholly thine—forevermore.

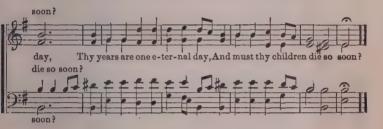
In the promises I trust;
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes; he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
(Chorus to 5th verse.)
Still I'm trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow—
Jesus saves me! saves me now!









I tremble, lest the wrath divine, Which bruises now my wretched soul,

Should bruise this wretched soul of mine Long as eternal ages roll.

3

I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee;

O save and give me to thy Son, Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

Father, if I may call thee so, Regard my fearful heart's desire; Remove this lead of guilty woe, Nor let me in my sins expire.

123

#### STAY, THOU INSULTED SPIRIT, STAY.

Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,

Nor take thine everlasting flight.

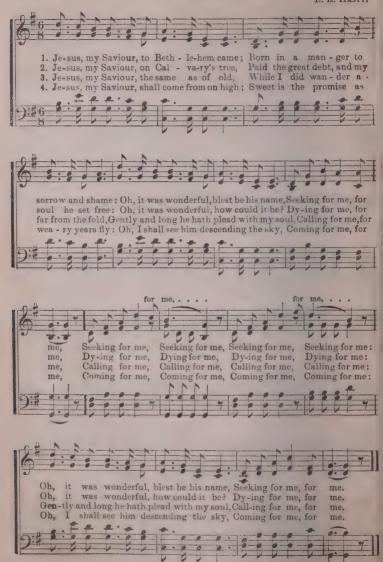
Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vex'd and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;

Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd;

Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T'exclude me from thy people's rest.

107





### Exhortation. C. M.







- 2 O that in me the sacred fire Might now begin to glow; Burn up the dross of base desire, And make the mountains flow.
- 3 O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins consume;
  - Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call; Spirit of burning, come.
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart; Illuminate my soul;
  - Scatter thy life through every part, And sanctify the whole.
- 5 My steadfast soul, from falling free, Shall then no longer move, While Christ is all the world to me, And all my heart is love.

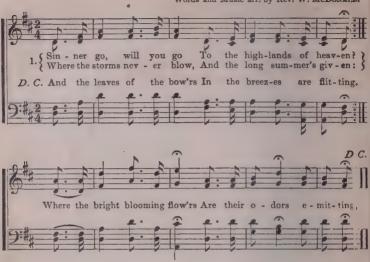
126

#### O JOYFUL SOUND OF GOSPEL GRACE!

- 1 O joyful sound of gospel grace! Christ shall in me appear;
  - I, even I, shall see his face, I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness seize To me reached out I view: Conqueror through him, I soon shall 5 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
- And wear it as my due. 3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
  - I now exult to see:

- My hope is full, O glorious hope! Of immortality.
- 4 With me, I know, I feel, thou art; But this cannot suffice,
  - Unless thou plantest in my heart A constant paradise.
  - Fill all this mighty void:
    - Thou only canst my spirit fill; Come, O my God, my God!





Where the saints rob'd in white, Cleans'd in life's flowing fountain, Shining beauteous and bright, They inhabit the mountain. Where no sin nor dismay,

Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be fear'd for the morrow.

Sinner, canst thou believe it?

And invites thee to come,

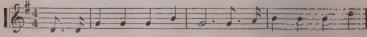
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?

O come, sinner, come,

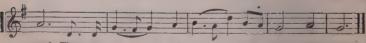
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon
And forever cease pleading

He's prepared thee a home-

# 128 Angels Hovering Round.



1. There are an - gels hov-'ring round, There are an . gels hov-'ring



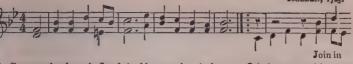
round, There are an - - - gels, an - - gels hov - 'ring round.

- 2 To carry the tidings home.
- 3 To the New Jerusalem.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come.
- 6 Let him that heareth, come.
- 7 We are on our journey home.



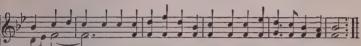
### Concord. S. M.





1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet





ac - cord,... Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the



The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,

Our Father and our Love: He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs, To carry us above.

There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:

Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow?

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:

We're marching through Immarwal's
To fairer world's on high,

130

### I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

I love thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy Church, O God!

Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

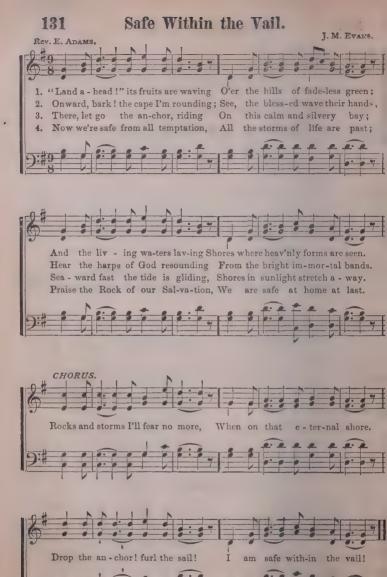
For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;

To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

111



# 132 He that goeth forth and weepeth.



I Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

Chorus. I'm glad salvation's free,-I'm glad salvation's free,-Salvation's free for you and me, I'm glad salvation's free.

2 Grace first contrived a way To save rebellious man:

And all the steps that grace display, Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet To tread the heavenly road; And new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown Through everlasting days; It lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves our praise. PHILIP DODDRIDGE

### 134

#### I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

(No. 44 in "Beulah Songs.")

1 I love to tell the story Of unseen things above; Of Jesus and his glory, Of Jesus and his love! I love to tell the story! Because I know its true; It satisfies my longings As nothing else would do.

Chorus.

I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in glory To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story! More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the story!

It did so much for me!

And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story! 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it. More wonderfully sweet. I love to tell the story! For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story! For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be the Old, Old Story, That I have lov'd so long. MISS KATE HANKEY.

### 135

#### MY LIFE FLOWS ON IN ENDLESS SONG.

(No. 38 in "BEULAH SONGS.")

1 My life flows on in endless song, Above earth's lamentation;

I catch the sweet, though far off hymn That hails a new creation.

Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear the music ringing;

It finds an echo in my soul-How can I keep from singing?

What though my joys and comfort die? The Lord, my Saviour, liveth; What though the darkness gather round? Songs in the night he giveth:

No storm can shake my inmost calm, While to that refuge clinging; Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue above it:

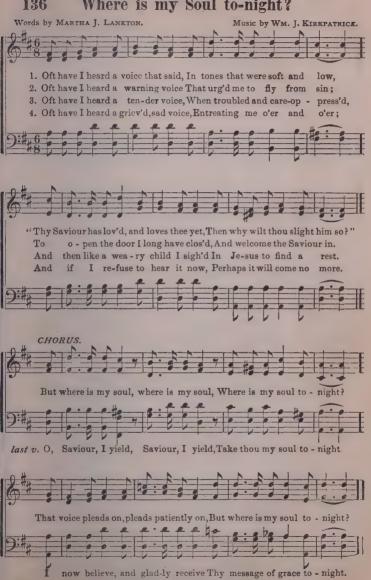
And day by day this pathway smooths Since first I learned to love it:

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart A fountain ever springing; All things are mine, since I am his,-

How can I keep from singing?

114 F. J. HARTLEY.

#### Where is my Soul to-night? 136





For the glory of the Master, Wesley taught beyond the sea,
And preached the great salvation which delivers you and me;
And a million voices shout it,—"Redemption's full and free,"
Salvation's rolling on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

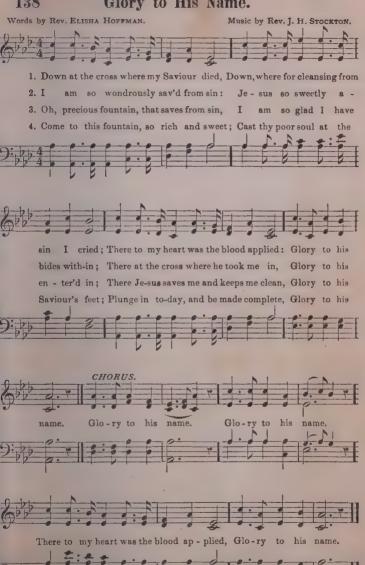
From the cabin on the prarie, from the vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy harvest home.
Salvation's rolling on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will not be long
When he shall claim the heathen and overthrow the wrong.
Our God is marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

And when the war is over, with the saints forevermore,
On the blissful heights of Glory we will shout the battle o'er,
And in the Golden City we will join the Conqueror,
Forever marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

\* The Chorus, "GLORY, HALLELUJAH," is so familiar, that the music need not be repeated.

### Glory to His Name.

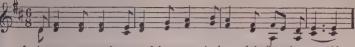




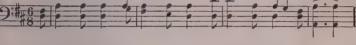
# The Healing Touch.

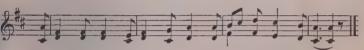
"When she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and toucked his garment."—Mark 5: 27
Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

Music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



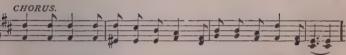
- 1. An ea ger, restless crowd drew near, And round the Sav iour press'd;
- 2. The mul-ti-tude, with cu-rious eyes, Just gaz'd up-on his face;
- 3. Oh, near to Christ the man y came, In that most fa vor'd hour!
- 4. Of all who throng his courts to-day, Who shall re ceive his word?



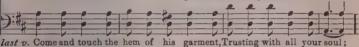


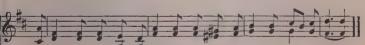
But one, with warm and lov - ing faith, His heal-ing pow'r con-fess'd. But she glanc'd up with hope, and love, To feel his sav - ing grace. But one stretch'd out the hand of faith, And touch'd his healing power. Who shall reach forth with faith sin-cere, To touch the heal - ing Lord?



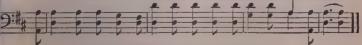


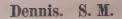
She had touch'd the hem of his gar-ment, Trusting with all her soul;





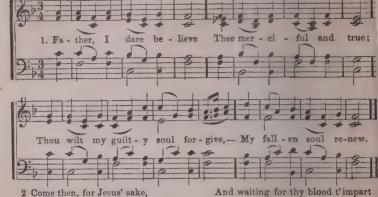
For ev - 'ry touch of the lov-ing Je-sus, Can make the wounded whole.





141

Arr. from H. G. NAGELI,



And bid my heart be clean; An end of all my troubles make,-An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart, But by believing thee, And waiting for thy blood t'impart The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie, Jesus, thy grace bestow: Now thy all cleansing blood apply, And I am white as snow!

### O, COME AND DWELL IN ME.

1 O, come and dwell in me, Spirit of power within, And bring the glorious liberty

From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 The seed of sin's disease, Spirit of health, remove,-Spirit of finish'd holiness, Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day Which shall my sins consume: When old things shall be done away, And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord. That all I do is right -According to thy will and word -Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state: Indulge me but in this. And soon or later then translate To my eternal bliss.

### A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

1 A charge to keep I have; A God to glorify:

A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age. My calling to fulfil,

O, may it all my powers engage, To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care, As in thy sight to live; And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray. And on thyself rely: Assured if I my trust betray, I shall forever die.

144

#### AND CAN I YET DELAY?

1 And can I yet delay My little all to give? To tear my soul from earth away, For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more:

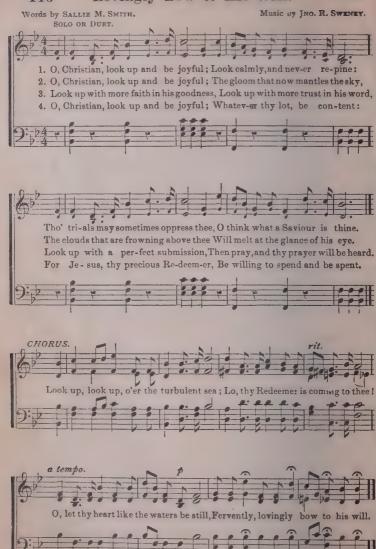
I sink, by dying love compell'd, And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake,-My friends, my all resign: Gracious Redeemer, take, oh! take And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole, Nor hence again remove; Settle and fix my wavering soul 120 With all thy weight of love.



# 146 Lovingly Bow to His Will.



When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but loss,

And pour contempt on all my pride.

Chorus.

The cross, the cross, the precious cross, The wondrous cross of Jesus; From all our sin, its guilt and pow'r,

And every stain, it frees us. Then I'm resting,

O, I'm resting at the cross; Yes, I'm resting at the cross. 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?

Or thorns compose so rich a crown? Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;

Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

THE CROSS! THE BLOOD-STAINED CROSS! (No. 50 in "Beulah Songs,")

The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd 3 That priceless blood my ransom paid, The hallow'd cross I see! cross! While I in bondage stood; Reminding me of precious blood On Jesus all my sins were laid,

That once was shed for me. Chorus.

Oh, the blood, the precious blood! That Jesus shed for me Upon the cross, in crimson flood,

Just now by faith I see.

A thousand, thousand fountains spring Up from the throne of God; But none to me such blessings bring, As Jesus' precious blood.

I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray,

Find in me thine all in all. Chorus.

Jesus paid it all: All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He wash'd it white as snow.

O Lord, at last I find Thy pow'r, and thine alone, Can change this heart of mine, And make it all thine own.

Then down beneath the cross I lay my sin-sick soul;

MY BODY, SOUL, AND SPIRIT. (No. 14 in "Beulah Songs.")

123

My body, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to thee; A consecrated offering, Thine evermore to be.

Chorus. My all is on the altar, I'm waiting for the fire: Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire!

O Jesus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name; I look for thy salvation, Thy promise now I claim.

3 O let the fire, descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble offering, And cleanse and make me whole.

4 I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by thy cleansing blood; Now seal me by thy Spirit, A sacrifice to God.

He sav'd me with his blood.

4 By faith that blood now sweeps away My sins, as like a flood, Nor lets one guilty blemish stay:

All praise to Jesus' blood. 5 This wondrous theme will best employ

My harp before my God, And make all heaven resound with joy For Jesus' cleansing blood.

Words, except 1st v. by Rev. W. McDonald.

I HEAR THE SAVIOUR SAY.
(No. 58 in "Beulah Songs.")
Nothing I bring but dross, Thy grace must make me whole.

> 4 I now in Christ abide -In him is perfect rest; Close sheltered in his side, I am divinely blest.

5 When at my post I fall, My ransom'd soul shall rise, And "Jesus paid it all" Shall rend the vaulted skies.

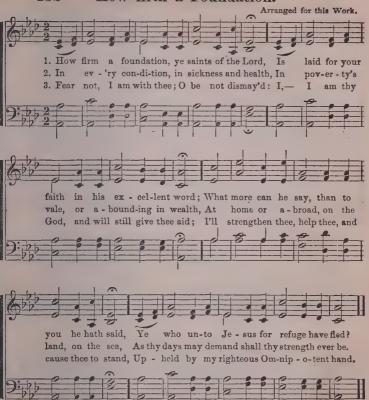
6 And when, in heav'n above, At Jesus' feet I fall, My song shall ever be-Jesus has paid it all.

Arranged by Rev. W. McDonald.

MARY D. JAMES,



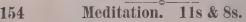
### 152 How firm a Foundation.

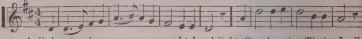


- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow; For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply; The flame shall not harm thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 Even down to old age all my people shall prove My constant, eternal, unchangeable love; And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

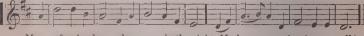


Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.





1. O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,



My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with thy sheep,

Say, if in your tents my Beloved has

To feed them in pastures of love?

And where with his flocks he is gone. Say, why in the valley of death should 5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,

I weep, Or alone in this wilderness rove?

And myriads wait for his word: He speaks! and eternity, filled with his

3 O why should I wander an alien from

voice,

Re-echoes the praise of the Lord. Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows 6 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow

Or cry in the desert for bread:

Aud smile at the tears I have shed.

thy call: I know the sweet sound of thy voice: Restore and defend me, for thou art my

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you

(126)And in thee I will ever rejoice!

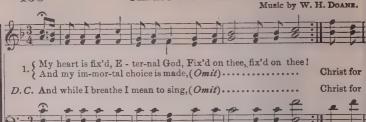
The Star that on Israel shone?

they see,

### A Stronger Faith.

Words by MARTHA J. LANKTON. Music by Wm. J. KIREPATRICE. 1. A stronger faith, dear Saviour, A firm-er, deep-er love, We need while 2. A stronger faith, dear Saviour, More love to do thy will; And where thy 3. A stronger faith, dear Saviour, A per-fect trust in thee; A faith in 4. A faith that, firm and steadfast, Beholds thy constant light; But sees thy the jour-ney To reach our home a - bove. To us, O Lord, that voice would lead us, Thy steps to fol-low still. ev - 'ry tri - al Our Father's hand to see. smile the clearest Thro' clouds of darkest night. faith impart, On us that love be - stow; Till, borne a - way, on wings we Where joys rise, Where joys e - ter - nal flow.







Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me, Christ for me!
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honor perish in a day—
My portion never can decay;
Christ for me!

158

In pining sickness, or in health,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
In deepest poverty or wealth,
Christ for me, Christ for me!
And in that all important day,
When I the summons must obey,
And pass from this dark world away,
Christ for me, Christ for me!

At home, abroad, by night and day, Christ for me, Christ for me; Whether I preach, or sing, or pray, Christ for me, Christ for me! Him first and last, him all day long, My hope, my solace and my song, Convince me if you think I'm wrong, Christ for me, Christ for me!

Now who can sing my song and say
Christ for me, Christ for me;
My light and truth, my life and way.
Christ for me, Christ for me!
Can you, oh! man and woman there,
With furrowed cheeks and silvery hair,
Now from your inmost soul declare,
Christ for me, Christ for me!

Can you, young men and maidens, say,
Christ for me, Christ for me?
Him will I love, and him obey,
Christ for me, Christ for me?
Then here's my heart, and here's my hand
To form a happy singing band,
And shout aloud through all the land
Christ for me, Christ for me!

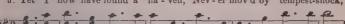
# 159 The Rifted Rock.

L. T. H.

Music by Rev R. Lowry.



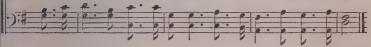
- 1. In the Rift ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Sure and safe from all a-larm;
- 2. Many a storm y sea I've travers'd, Many a tempest-shock have known;
  3. Yet I now have found a ha ven, Nev er mov'd by tempest-shock,







Storms and bil - lows have u - ni - ted, All in vain, to do me harm: Have been driv - en, with-out an - chor, On the bar - ren shores, and lone. Where my soul is safe for-ev - er, In the bless-ed Rift - ed Rock.





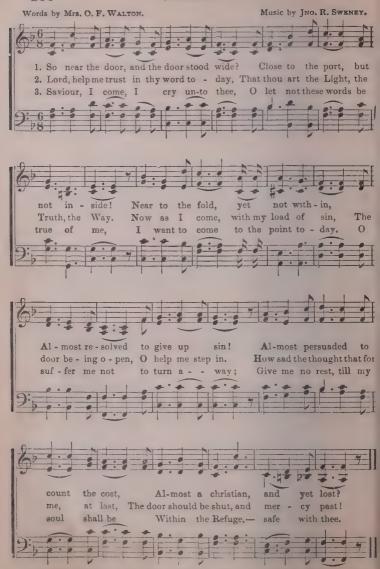
In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Surf is dash-ing at my feet;

Cho.—In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Sure and safe from all a - larm;

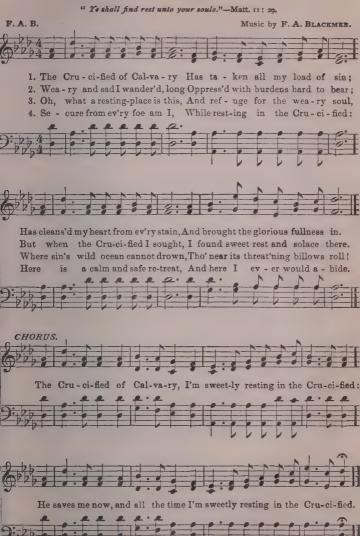


Storms and bil-lows have u - ni - ted, All in vain, to do me harm.

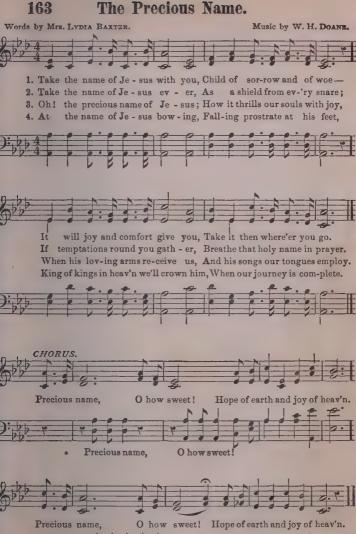




# 161 I'm Resting in the Crucified.

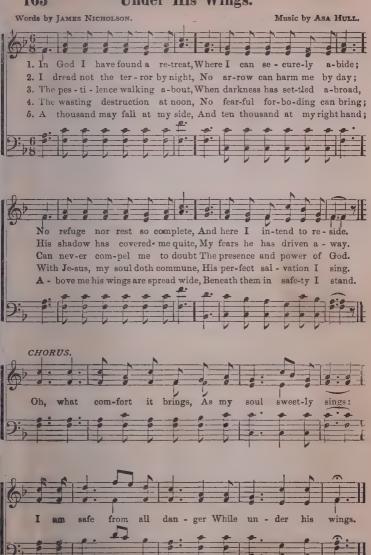


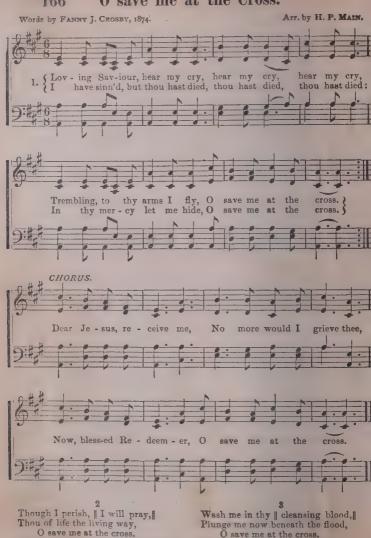




Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,







Only faith will | pardon bring, |

O save me at the cross. - Cho.

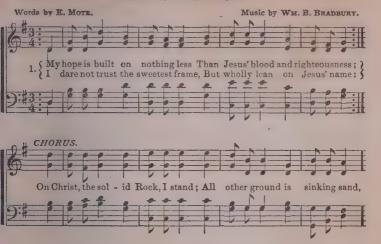
In that faith to thee I cling,

Thou hast said thy | grace is free, |

O save me at the cross .- Cho.

Have compassion, Lord, on me,

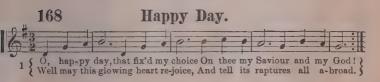
### the Solid Rock.





- When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the vale.
- Support me in the whelming flood: When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

Copyright, 1863, by W. B. BRADBURY, in "New Golden Censer." Used by per.



O happy bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love; Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move. Cho .- Happy day, &c.

I'is done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine: He drew me, and I followed on,

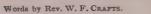
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

Cho.-Happy day, &c.

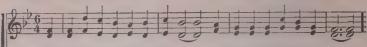
Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest, Nor ever from thy Lord depart, With him of every good possess'd. Cho.—Happy day, &c.

High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That yow renewed shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. Cko .- Happy day, &c.

# The Prince of my Peace.



Music by W. G. FISCHER. By per.

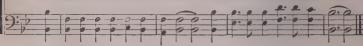


- 1. I stand all bewildered with wonder, And gaze on the ocean of love; 2. I struggled and wrestled to win it, The blessing that setteth me free;
  - 3. He laid his hand on me and heal'd me, And bade me be every whit whole;
  - 4. The Prince of my peace is now passing, The light of his face is on

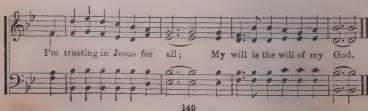




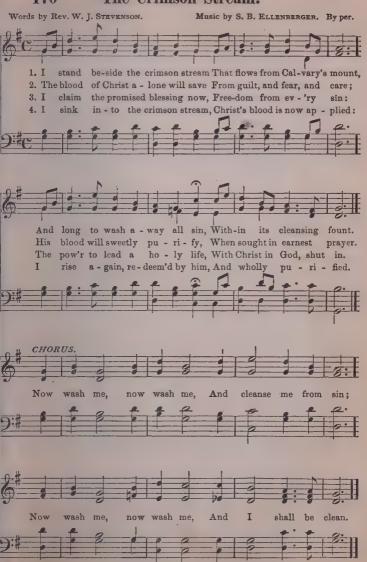
But when I had ceas'd from my struggles, His peace Jesus gave unto me. I touch'd but the hem of his gar-ment, And glory came thrilling my soul. But listen, be-lov-ed, he speaketh: "My peace I will give unto thee."



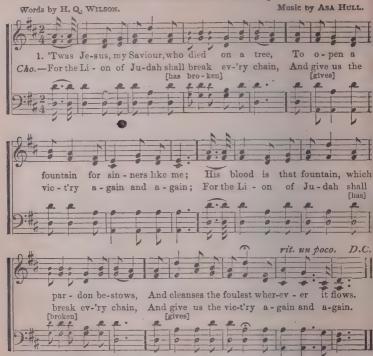




### 170 The Crimson Stream.



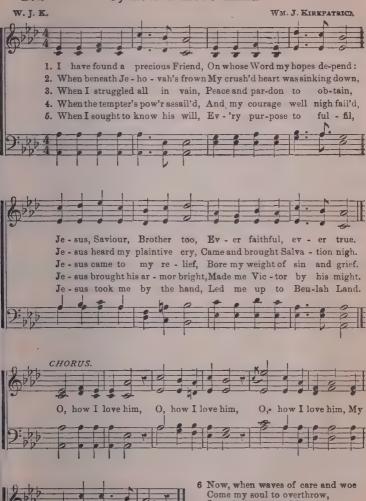
# 171 The Fountain of Mercy.

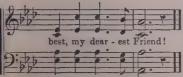


- 2 And when I was willing with all things to part, He gave me my bounty,—his love in my heart; So now I am joined with the conquering band Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command. Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah, etc.
  - 8 Though round me the storms of adversity roll, And the waves of destruction encompass my soul, In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss: My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross. Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah, etc.
  - 4 And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound, And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground, Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away, I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day. Cherus.—For the Lion of Judah, etc.
  - 5 And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head, From fountain to fountain I then shall be led; I'll fall at his feet and his mercy adore, And sing of the blood of the cross evermore. Chorus.— For the Lion of Judah, etc.

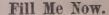


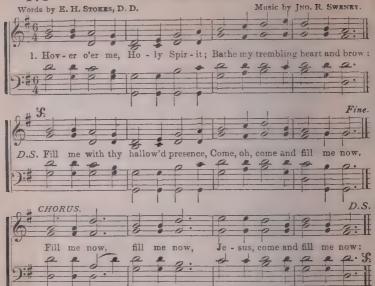
# 0, how I Love Him.





- 6 Now, when waves of care and woo Come my soul to overthrow, Jesus in his arms of love Lifts me, bears me far above.
- 7 Now I'll magnify his name, His great goodness I'll proclaim; In my heart he comes to stay,— Keeps me, saves me, day by day.





2 Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit, Though I cannot tell thee how; But I need thee, greatly need thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sacred feet I bow; Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

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COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it— Mount of thy redeeming love! 3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by thy help I'm come: And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me, when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed his precious blood.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in - spire our songs With thine im - mor - tal flame;

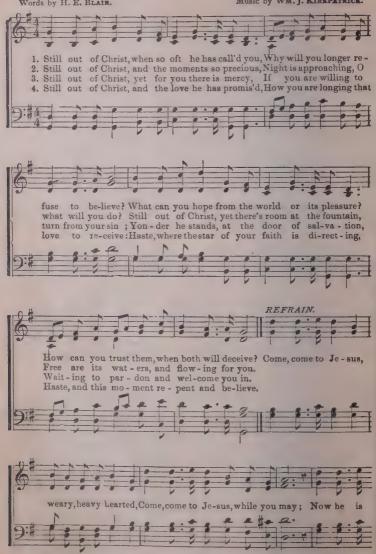
1. En - large our hearts, unloose our tongues To praise the Sav-iour's name.

Cho. Re-mem-ber me, re-mem-ber me, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me, Re-mem-ber, Lord, thy dy-ing groans, And then re-mem-ber me.

Coming to Jesus. Music by JNO. R. SWENEY. By per. Words by Rev. W. H. BURRELL. be made ful - ly whole. And thy 1. With my sin-wounded soul, 2. Oh, how long I have tried To re-sist na-ture's tide! All That in thee I shall live, Thro' thy Precious Saviour di - vine, With my thy promise be-lieve, be thine, wholly thine, With my heart all per - fect sal - va-tion to see, vain have I sigh'd to be my-self all undone, Neath the free; In To blood shed so free - ly for ob - tain a pure heart, And se me; be kept ev-'ry hour, By thy con - se - cra - ted to thee: To coming, dear Sav-iour. wash'd white as snow, am thee. dear Sav-iour, waves sink-ing down, am thee. coming, to cure the good part, dear Sav-iour. thee. am coming, to thee. love's wondrous pow'r. am coming. dear Sav-iour. to REFRAIN. I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee, With my heart all aglow, To be wash'd white as snow, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.

Words by H. E. BLAIR.

Music by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



### Still out of Christ. Concluded.



- 2 I could not do without thee,
   I cannot stand alone;
  I have no strength or goodness,
   No wisdom of my own;
  But thou, beloved Saviour,
   Art all in all to me;
  - But thou, beloved Saviour,
    Art all in all to me;
    And weakness will be power,
    If leaning hard on thee.
- 3 I could not do without thee,
  For oh! the way is long,
  And I am often weary,
  And sigh replaces song.
  How could I do without thee!
  I do not know the way;
  Thou knowest and thou leadest,
  And wilt not let me stray.

"I'is with the Righteous well. Arranged for this Work. 1. On ev-'ry sun-ny mountain, In ev-'ry gloomy dell, What-e'er the 2. What words of ho - ly comfort! Their sweetness who can tell? With-in the 3. Tho' dripping clouds may gather, And grief the bosom swell, The trust-ing 4. And when the strife is o - ver, And hush'd the solemn knell, With-in the robe that wraps the heart, 'Tis with the righteous well. 'Tis well, 'tis well, vail, and o'er the flood, 'Tis with the righteous well. heart will ev - er sing, -'Tis with the righteous well. gates, around the throne,'Tis with the righteous well. with the righteous well; In pleasure's light, and sor-row's night, 'Tis with the righteous well; and sorrow's night, 'Tis with the righteous well.

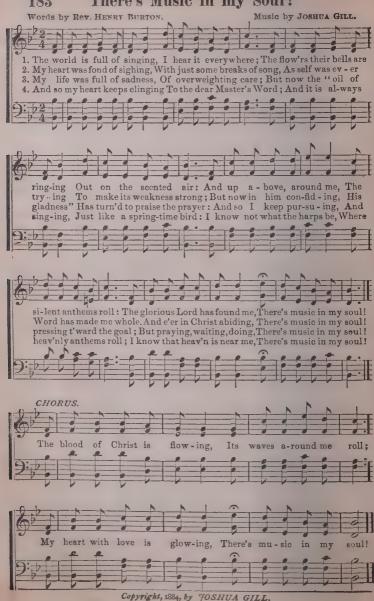


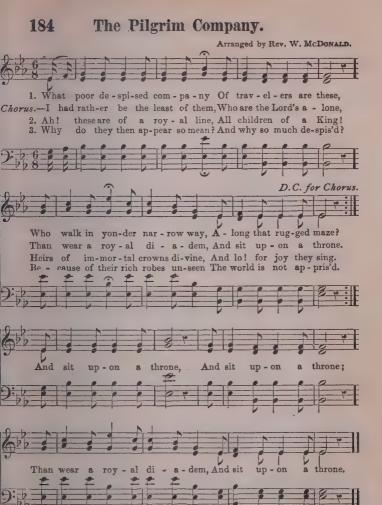
## Mercy is Boundless and Free.





## 183 There's Music in my Soul!



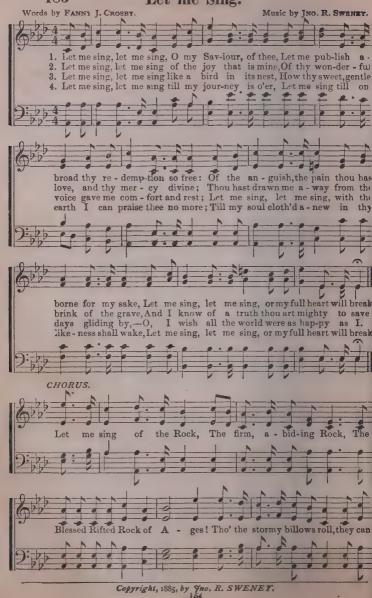


But some of them seem poor, distress'd, And lacking daily bread:

Why do they shun the pleasing path That worldlings love so well? lecause it is the way to death: The open road to hell.

But why keep they the narrow road, That rugged thorny maze? th! they're of boundless wealth possess'd, Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
With heavenly manna fed.
They love and keep his ways.

> What, is there then no other road To Salem's happy ground? Christ is the only way to God: None other can be found.

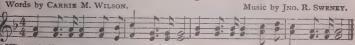




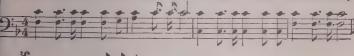
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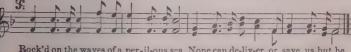
## Where Shall We Go?

Text .- "To whom snall we go but unto Thee?"



1. Where shall we go, when the heart is oppress'd, Where but to Jesus for shelter and rest?
2. Where shall we go, when the tempest is high? Where, but to Jesus, O where can we fly?

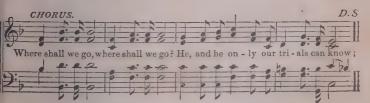




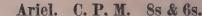
Rock'd on the waves of a per-il-ous sea, None can de-liv-er or save us but he He is the Life, and that life will he give; Look, and forever with him we may live.



D.S. He, and he only, our wants can relieve: Why are we faithless, O why not believe?



- Where shall we go when the tempter assails? When o'er our weakness he almost prevails? Where but to him who was tempted as we? None can deliver nor save us but he.
- 4 Where shall we go but to Jesus, our Lord? He is our refuge; O cling to his Word: Jesus alone, our Redeemer must be: None can deliver nor save us but he.





2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope I stand, and from the mountain top See all the land below; Rivers of milk and honey rise And all the fruits of paradise In endless plenty grow.

8 A land of corn, and wine, and oil, Favor'd with God's peculiar smile, With every blessing blest; There dwells the Lord our Righteousn And keeps his own in perfect peace And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fer
A howling wilderness!

### 188 o love divine, how sweet thou art:

1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of Redeeming love,—

The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;

Its riches are unsearchable;
The first born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,—
The length, the breadth, the height.

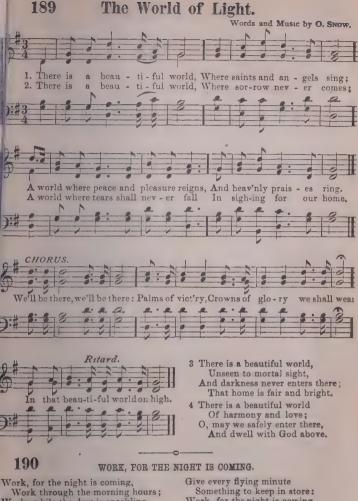
3 God only knows the love of God; O that it now were shed abroad In this poor stony heart; For love I sigh, for love I pine; This only portion, Lord, be mine: Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,

My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

5 O that I could, with favor'd John, Recline my weary head upon The dear Redeemer's breast: From care, and sin, and sorrow free, Give me, O Lord, to find in thee

My everlasting rest.



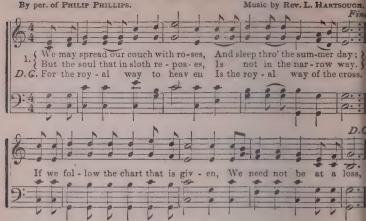
Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers: Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon . Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon.

Work, for the night is coming. When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more: Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.





2 To one who is fond of splendor, The cross is a heavy load;

And the feet that are soft and tender Complain of the thorny road:

But the chains of the soul must be riven,
And gold must be as dross;
For the revel way to begreen

For the royal way to heaven
Is the royal way of the cross.

3 We say we will walk to-morrow The path we refuse to-day;

And still, with our lukewarm sorrow, We shrink from the narrow way:

But in vain we have hoped and striver Our gains have proved but loss;

For the royal way to heaven Is the Royal way of the cross.

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## Rock of Ages.

DR. HASTINGS.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,

> Be of sin a double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure

2 Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone. In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

198

#### FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

158

1 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One in three, and three in one, As by the celestial host, Let thy will on earth be done. Praise by all to thee be given, Gracious Lord of earth and heav'n!

2 If so poor a worm as I,
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;

Claim me for thy service, claim All I have, and all I am. 3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;

All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do:
Take my heart, but make it new!

4 Now, my God, thine own I am; Now I give thee back thine own: Freedom, friends, and health and fame Consecrate to thee alone.

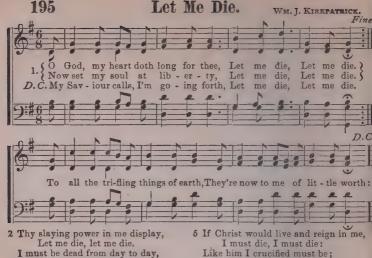
Thine I live, thrice happy I! Happier still if thine I die



A light which illumines

Each moment my way:

And all of my home is Jesus.



Of those who hate the humbling cross, Let me die, let me die. 3 My friends may say, "I'll ruined be," Let me die, let me die.

Let me die, let me die.

Unto the world and its applause,

To all the customs, fashions, laws,

But all I leave, and follow thee, Let me die, let me die. Their arguments will never weigh, Nor stand the trying judgment day;

Help me to cast them all away, Let me die, let me die.

4 Oh, I must die to scoffs and jeers, Let me die, let me die. I must be freed from slavish fears,

Let me die, let me die, So dead that no desire shall rise To pass for good, or great, or wise, In any but my Saviour's eyes!

Let me die, let me die.

7 He will hear you.

Like him I crucified must be: I must die, I must die.

Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans My flesh may writhe and make its moans But in this way, and this alone,

I must die, I must die-

6 Begin at once to drive the nails; Let me die, let me die:

Oh, suffer not my heart to tail, Let me die, let me die. Jesus, I look to thee for power To help me to endure the hour When, crucified by sovereign power,

I shall die, I shall die. 7 When I am dead, then, Lord, to thee, I shall live, I shall live;

My time, my strength, my all to thee, Will I give, will I give.

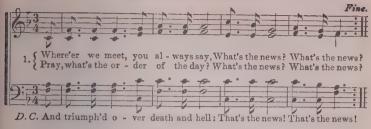
Oh, may the Son now make me free! Here, Lord, I give my all to thee For time and for eternity,

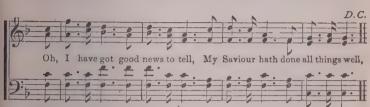
I will live, I will live.

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### What's the News?





2 His work's reviving all around;
That's the news! that's the news!
His saints are making songs resound;
That's the news! that's the news!
Poor sinners, doomed in sin and woe,
Are now rejoicing as they go,
And shouting glory here below:
That's the news! that's the news!

3 He took my sorrows all away;
That's the news! that's the news!
He turned my darkness into day;
That's the news! that's the news!
Yes, Jesus saves me now, I know,
His blood has wash'd me white as snow,
And now I'm glad his lowe to show:
That's the news! that's the news!

4 And Christ, the Lord, can save you now, That's the news! that's the news! Your sinful heart he can renew:

That's the news! that's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you now believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive:
That's the news! that's the news!

5 And now if any one should say,—
What's the news? what's the news?
Oh, tell them you've begun to pray;
That's the news! that's the news!
That you have join'd the conquiring band,
And now with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to the better land:
That's the news!

### 198

# O, WHO'LL STAND UP FOR JESUS? (No. 13 in "Beulah Songs.")

1 O, who'll stand up for Jesus,
The lowly Nazarene?
And raise the blood-stain'd banner
Amid the hosts of sin?

Chorus.
The Cross for Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear;
All hail! reproach or sorrow,
If Jesus leads me there.

2 O, who will follow Jesus, Amid reproach and shame? Where others shrink or falter, Who'll glory in his name? 3 Though fierce may rage the battle, And wild the storm may blow,— Though friends may go forever, Who will with Jesus go?

4 My all to Christ I've given, My talents, time and voice, Myself, my reputation, The lone way is my choice.

6 O, Jesus, Jesus, My all-sufficient Friend! Come, fold me to thy bosom, E'en to the journey's end.

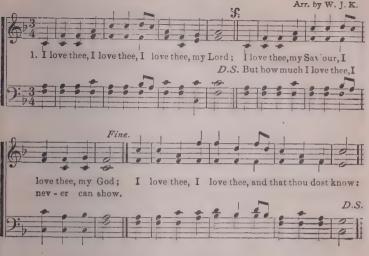
Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

## 199 Happy in the Love of Jesus.

Words by HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Music by WM. J. KIRRPATRICE.





- 2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
  My joys are immortal; I stand on the mount!
  I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there
  With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour! with thee I am blest!
  My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
  Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
  Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
- 4 O, who's like my Saviour! He's Salem's bright King! He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing: I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill, While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

### 201

#### WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

(No. 121 in "BEULAH SONGS.")

What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a privilege to carry Everything to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—All because we do not carry Everything to God in prayer.

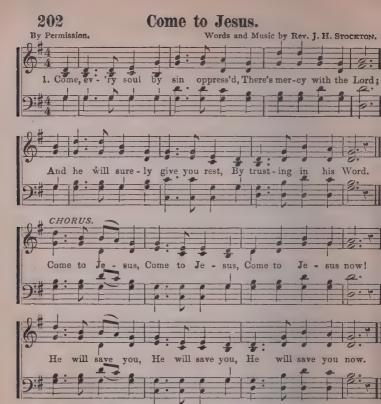
2 Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged: Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a Friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden, Combered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer:

In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

163

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.



2 For Jesus shed his precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the crimson flood That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way, That leads you into rest; Believe in him, without delay, And you are fully blest.

4 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear, I'm coming now to thee; Since thou hast made the way so clear, And full salvation free.

5 Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glory go; To dwell in that celestial land Where joys immortal flow.

## 203

#### COME, HUMBLE SINNER, IN WHOSE BREAST.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, 4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,

And make this last resolve:-

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin Like mountains round me close; I know his courts, I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose.

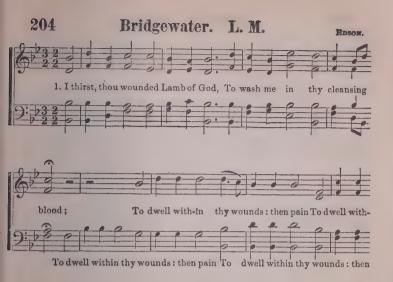
3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne. And there my guilt confess;

I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone. Without his sovereign grace.

Perhaps will hear my prayer; But, if I perish, I will pray,

And perish only there.

5 I can but perish, if I go; I am resolv'd to try: For if I stay away, I know I must forever die. EDMUND JONES.





- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be Forever closed to all but thee; Seal thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!

Who thence their life and strength derive, And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death, Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe? Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move; O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

#### 205

#### COME, SINNERS, TO THE GOSPEL FEAST.

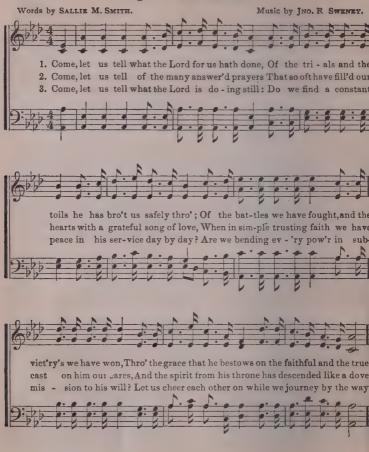
- 1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast; Let every soul be Jesus' guest: Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
  The invitation is to all:
  Come all the world! come, sinner, thou! 5 See him set forth before your eyes
  All things in Christ are ready now.

  O let his love your hearts constrain
  Nor suffer him to die in vain.
  See him set forth before your eyes
  That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
- Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive; Ye all may come to Christ and live: O let his love your hearts constrain, Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 5 See him set forth before your eyes That precious, bleeding sacrifice! His offer'd benefits embrace, And freely now be sav'd by grace.

CHORUS.

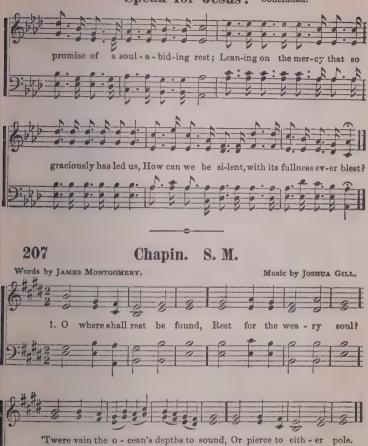
Trusting in the mer-its

## Speak for Jesus.



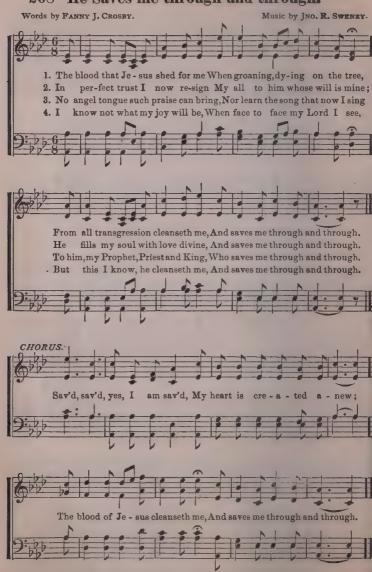
a-ton - ing Saviour, Trusting in the

## Speak for Jesus! concluded.

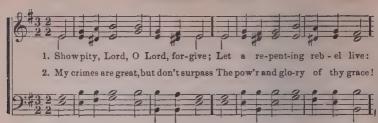


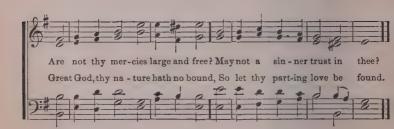
- The world can never give
   The bliss for which we sigh;
   Tis not the whole of life to live,
   Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
  There is a life above,
  Unmeasured by the flight of years,
  And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang Outlasts the fleeting breath: O what eternal horrors hang Around the second death!
- 6 Thou God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun; Lest we be banished from thy face, Forevermore undone.

## 208 He Saves me through and through.









O wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess, Against thy law, against thy grace; Lord, should thy judgments grow severe, I am condemn'd, but thou art clear. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just, in death; And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

#### 211

#### WHILE LIFE PROLONG ITS PRECIOUS LIGHT.

While life prolongs its precious light, Mercy is found, and peace is given; But soon, ah, soon, approaching night Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

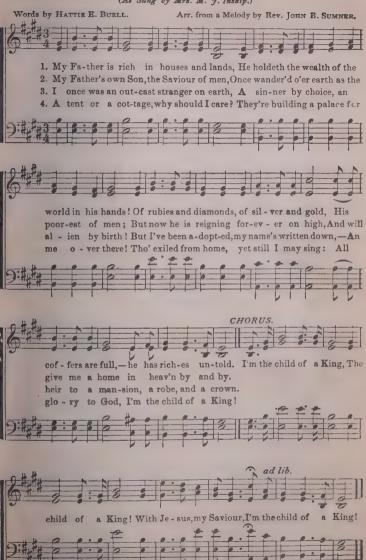
Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave, Before his bar your spirits bring, And none be found to hear or save.

In that lone land of deep despair, No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,-No God regard your bitter prayer, No Saviour call you to the skies.

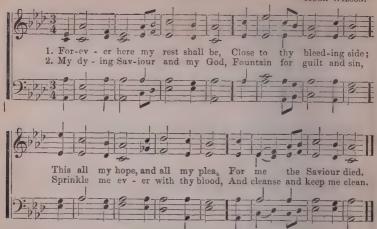
Now God invites: how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

## The Child of a King.

(As Sung by Mrs. M. J. Inskip.)







Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash me, but not my feet alone,— My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th'atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve:
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

#### 214

## I SAW A WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

(No. 12 in "BEULAH SONGS.")

I I saw a way-worn trav'ler
In tatter'd garments clad;
And, struggling up the mountain,
It seem'd that he was sad:
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone;
Yet he shouted, as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

Cho.—Then palms of victory,
Crowns of glory,
Palms of victory
I shall bear.

2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow:
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting, as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

3 The songsters in the arbor,
That grew beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being "Onward,"
He stopped his ears and ran,

Still shouting, as he journeyed, Deliverance will come.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
Had overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,

His everlasting home,
And shouted loud hosanna!
Deliverance will come.

5 While gazing on that city, Just o'er the narrow flood, A band of holy angels

Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions

Safe o'er the dashing foam, And joined him in his triumph,— Deliverance has come.

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,

Saying, "Jesus has redeemed us, To suffer nevermore!" Then casting his eyes backward, On the race which he had ran,

He shouted loud hosanna! Deliverance has come.







#### SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

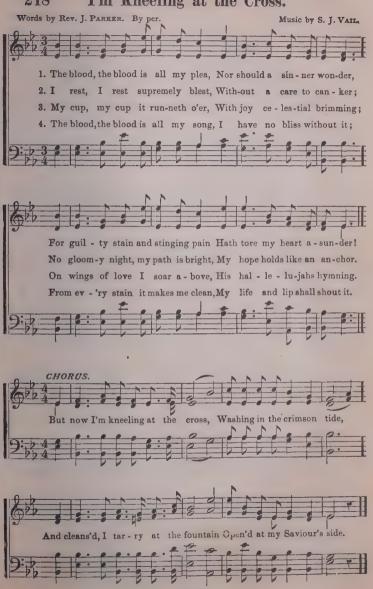
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, And since he bids me seek his face, That calls me from a world of care, And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known! In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief, And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

To him, whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless:

Believe his word, and trust his grace. I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

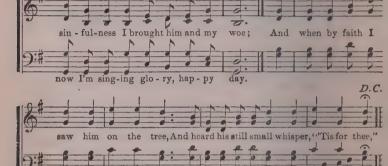
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer. May I thy consolation share, Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and take my flight: Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise I'hy wings shall my petition bear To seize the everlasting prize; And shout, while passing through the air. Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! 174 WILLIAM W. WALFORD,

# 218 I'm Kneeling at the Cross.



#### I left it all with Jesus. 219



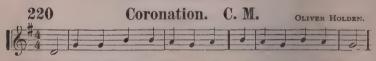


O, I leave it all with Jesus, for he knows O, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day, And how to gild the tear-drop with his smile,

My soul sings hallelujah, all is light.

Just how to take the bitter from life's woes, My faith can firmly trust him, come what may, [rest. To make the desert garden bloom awhile; For hope has dropp'd her anchor, found her Then, with all my weakness, leaning on his Within the calm sure haven of his breast: And oh! 'tis joy of heaven to abide Close to my dear Redcemer, at his si le.

From "Songs of TRIUMPH." by per-



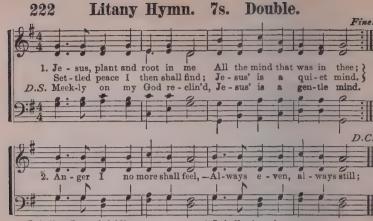
- 1 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem. And crown him Lord of all!
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race. Ye ransom'd from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace. And crown him Lord of all!
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall,

- Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all!
- 4 Let every kindred, ever wibe,
- On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe. And crown him Lord of all:
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng We at his feet may fall;

We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all!



\*During one of the severe storms that visited Colorado, a young man perished in sight of home. In his bewilderment he passed and repassed his own cottage to lie down and die almost in range with the "light in the window" which his young wife had placed there to guide him home. All alone she watched the long night through, listening in vain for the footsteps that would come no more: for long before the morning dawned the loy touch of death had rorever stilled that warm, loving heart. The sad death was made still sadder by the fact that he was loss in sight of home. How many wanderers from the Father's house are lost in sight of home, in the full glare of the Gospel light! They have the open Bible, overflowing with its calls and promises, the fathful warnings from the sacred desk, the manifestations of God's providence, all tending to direct their footsteps beavenward; and yet from all these they turn away, waiting for the more convenient season, and are lost, at last, in sight of the many mansions.—" FORWARD."



3 I shall suffer and fulfil All my Father's gracious will; Be in all alike resign'd; Jesus' is a patient mind.

4 When 'tis deeply rooted here, Perfect love shall cast out fear; Fear doth servile spirits bind; Jesus' is a noble mind.

5 I shall nothing know beside Jesus, and him crucified; Perfectly to him be join'd; Jesus' is a loving mind. 6 I shall triumph evermore; Gratefully my God adore; God so good, so true, so kind; Jesus' is a thankful mind.

7 Lowly, loving, meek and pure, I shall to the end endure; Be no more to sin inclined: Jesus' is a constant mind.

8 I shall fully be restored To the image of my Lord; Witnessing to all mankind, Jesus' is a perfect mind.

# SAVIOUR OF THE SIN-SICK SOUL.

1 Saviour of the sin-sick soul, Give me faith to make me whole; Finish thy great work of grace; Cut it short in rightousness. Speak the second time,—Be clean! Take away my inbred sin; Every stumbling-block remove; Cast it out by perfect love. Nothing less will I require;
Nothing more can I desire:
None but Christ to me be given;
None but Christ in earth or heaven.
O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall;
Let my Lord be all in all.

#### 223

#### ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

(178)

1 Arise, my soul, arise; Shake off thy guilty fears: The bleeding Sacrifice

In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
2 He ever lives above,

For me to intercede; His all-redeeming love,

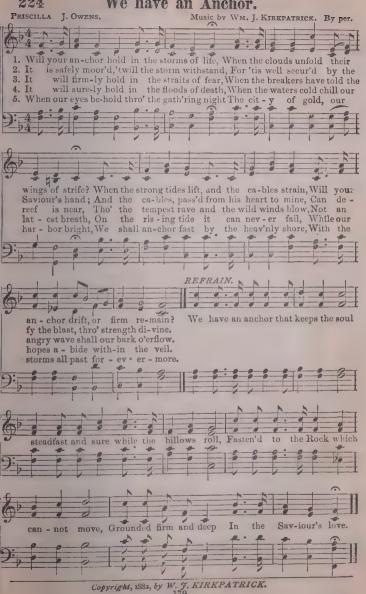
His precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace. 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,

Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers, They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, O forgive! they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.
4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away

He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;

I can no longer fear; With confidence I now draw nigh, And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

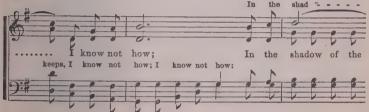


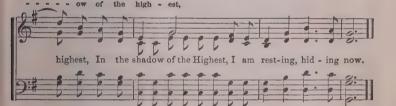
## 225 In the Secret of His Presence.



## In the Secret of His Presence. Concluded.







#### 226

### I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

(No. 21 in "BEULAH SONGS.")

1 I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Chorus.
I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

- 2 Though coming weak and vile,
  Thou dost my strength assure;
  Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
  Till spotless all, and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on To Perfect Faith and Love.

To Perfect Hope, and Peace, and Trust, For Earth and Heaven above.

- 4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
  The blessed work within,
  By adding grace to welcomed grace,
  Where reigned the power of sin.
- 5 And he the witness gives To loyal hearts and free, That every promise is fulfilled, If faith but brings the plea.
- 6 All hail! atoning blood!
  All hail! redeeming grace!
  All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
  Our strength and righteousness.

  Rev. L. Harrsougs.

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."—1 John, 2: 14.





!: He shall hear his name con-fessed in heaven,: That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. 21: 7. ||: What shall he have?:|| that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: God will give him all things, and | make him His son, 3
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. 8: 21. 
||: Where shall he sit?:|| that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: He shall sit with | Jesus, on His throne,:||
That overcomes by the blood.

| What is the victory?: || that overcometh By the blood of the Lamb? || Faith is the victory that | overcometh: |
By the blood of the Lamb.

### 228 Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.



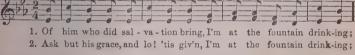
## Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.



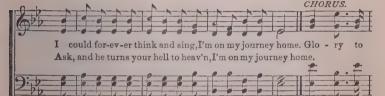
229

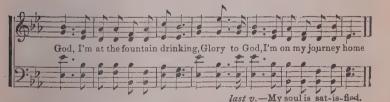
### At the Fountain.

Arranged for this Work.









3 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul, 5 Where'er I am, where'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking; Jesus, thy balm will make it whole,

I'm on my journey home. 4 Let all the world fall down and know 6 Insatiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the fountain drinking;

That none but God such love can show, I'm on my journey home.

I'm at the fountain drinking; I meet the object of my love, I'm on my journey home.

I'm at the fountain drinking; I drink, and yet am ever dry, I'm on my journey home.

185

Words by CARRIE M. WILSON. Music by INO. R. SWENEY. ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think 1. Sing on. the mo-ments long; joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we 2. Sing on, **y**e joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not 3. Sing on, is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune-ful song. of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet - ing day. Let songs our Fa - ther's king-dom We swell the mount of bless - ing, The glo - rious mount the grand old sto - ry Of his re - deem-ing Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore. And look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the promis'd land! The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove. We'll meet be - youd the riv - er, Where surg - es roll no

### Sing On. Concluded.



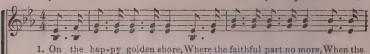




### Meet Me There.

Words by H. E. BLAIR.

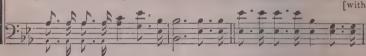
Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



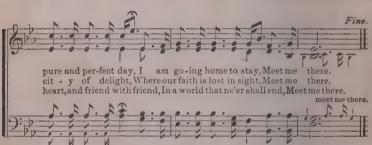
- 2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
- 3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev er sing, In the





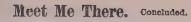


D.S. storms of life are o'er, On the



happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.







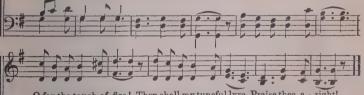
# 234 What shall I Sing for Thee?



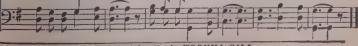
- 1. What shall I sing for thee, for thee, My Lord and Light? What shall I
- 2. Thou hast giv'n all for me, for me, Sav-iour Di vine! I would give
- 3. Didst thou not die for me, for me, Ran-som for sin? Ascending on 4. What shall I do for thee, for thee, Glo-ri-ous Friend? Let me be
- 5. Then a still sweeter song, sweet song, Je sus, I'll bring; Up 'mid the



all to thee, to thee, Ev - er-more thine!
high for me, for me, Pleading with-in?
true to thee, to thee, Right to the end!
ransom'd throng, blest throng, Then will I sing! Never to leave thee now,



O for the touch of fire! Then shall my tuneful lyre Praise thee a - right! Let my lips sing for thee, Let me just bring to thee All that is mine! All shall be loss for thee, Welcome the cross for thee, Wash'd in the crimson tide, On till the waves divide, Never to grieve thee now, Low at thy feet to bow, Won-der-ful King!

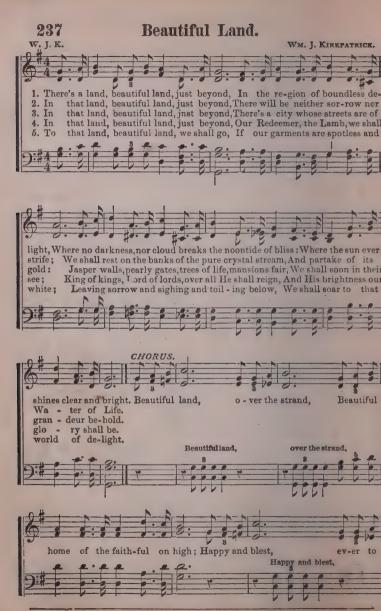


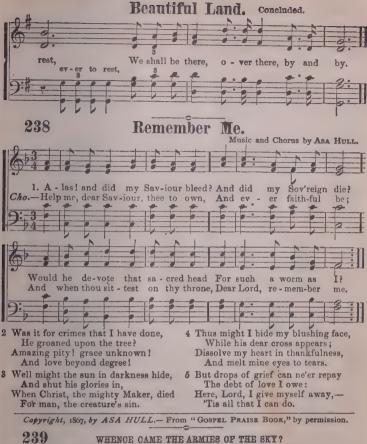
F. A. BLACKMER.



#### The Numberless Host. Concluded.







Whence came the armies of the sky, John saw in visions bright?

Whence came their crowns, their robes, their palms,

Too pure for mortal sight? Chorus.

They looked like men in uniform, They looked like men of war; They all were clad in armor bright, And conqu'ring palms they bore.

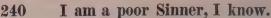
2 Were these tried soldiers of the cross Victorious in the fight?

Were these the trophies they had won, Reserved in worlds of light?

3 Once they were mourners here below. And poured out cries and tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins and doubts and fears,

4 They saw the Star of Bethlehem Arise in splendor bright! They followed long its guiding ray, Till beamed a clearer light.

5 From descrt waste and cities full, From dungeons dark they've come, And now they claim their mansion fair: They've found their long-sought home Asa Hull, by per.





Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost. | As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, | world | without | end, A-| men.

## 242 His Grace is Abundant and Free.



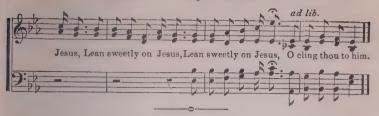
243 We Walk by Faith. Words by FANNY I. CROSBY. Music by Wm. ]. KIRKPATRICE. 1. We walk by faith,.... and O how sweet ..... The flow'rs that 2. We walk by faith, ..... he wills it so,..... And marks the 3. We walk by faith,.... di-vine-ly blest,..... On him we 4. And thus by faith, ..... till life shall end ..... We'll walk with beneath our feet, ..... And fragrance breathe ... path..... that we should go ;..... And when, at times..... our sky is lean,..... in him we rest;......The more we trust.... our Shepherd's our dearest Friend, .... Till safe we tread ..... the fields of That leads the soul..... to end-less day .... us close to him.... He gently draws..... The more his love..... 'tis ours to share ..... Where faith is lost..... in per-fect sight ..... CHORUS. not a-lone, Our Shepherd's ten-der voice we hear,



### Lean Sweetly on Jesus.



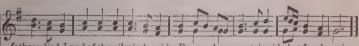
### Lean Sweetly on Jesus.



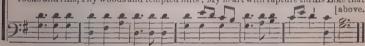
246

#### America.

68 & 4s. Words by Rev. S. F. SMITH. Adapted by HENRY CAREY, obit. 1743. 1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my 2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love: I love thy



fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride; From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring. rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that



Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song!

Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break-The sound prolong.

#### Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of liberty. To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light: Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

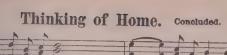
#### MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine, Now hear me while I pray: Take all my guilt away; O let me from this day Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal inspire;

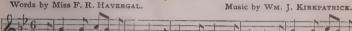
As thou hast died for me. O may my love to thee-Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day; Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside. RAY PALMER. Words by LIZZIE EDWARDS. Music by INO. R. SWENEY. am thinking of home in Im-man - u - el's land, A home that is am thinking of home and the Riv - er of Life That flows from the 3. I am thinking of home, where the gates are of pearl, No darkness e'er 4. I am thinking of home, and I look for the hour When he, my Refade - less and fair, Where the pure and the blest from their labors shall rest: I midst of the Throne: They shall hunger no more, neither thirst on that shore, Where man - tles the skies; And a Saviour's dear hand, in that beautiful land, Shall deemer, shall come! When the morning shall break, and my soul shall awake To know that my lov'd ones are there. O - ver the sea, far o - ver the sea, sus will gath-er his own. ev-'ry tear from our eyes. all the lov'd ones at home. Voices are ten-der-ly call-ing to me: ing to me, Calling to me. Calling to me.





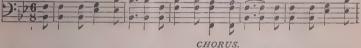
bring my Sins to Thee.



I bring my sins to thee, The sins I can-not count, That all may cleansed
 I bring my grief to thee, The grief I can-not tell; No words shall needed

3. My joys to thee I bring, The joys thy love has given, That each may be a

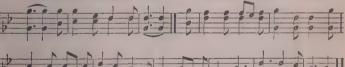
4. My life I bring to thee, I would not be my own: O Saviour, let me





Thou knowest all so well: wing To lift me nearer heaven: Thine ev - er, thine a - lone:

I bring the sor-row laid on me, O I bring them, Saviour, all to thee, Who My heart, my life, my all I bring To



bur-den is too great for me, The bur - den is great for me. suffering Saviour, all to thee, O suff - 'ring Saviour, all to thee. hast procur'd them all for me, Who hast procur'd them all thee, my Saviour and my King, To thee, my Saviour King. and my

1. The burden is too great for me, too great, too great for me.
2. O suffering Saviour, all to thee, O Saviour, all to thee.
3. Who hast procur'd them all for me, Procur'd them all for me. 4.To thee,my Saviour and my King, My Saviour and my King. Words by LIZZIE EDWARDS. Music by Ino. R. SWENEY. the fountain flow-ing free, Come a - way, come a - way; O there's 2. He has M'd thee o'er and o'er, Come a - way, come a - way; But he 3. Hast thou art in Christ, the Lord, Come a - way, come a - way; Wilt thou there for thee. Why de - lay? why de - lay? From the soon may call no more, Why de - lay? why de - lay? Tho' thy Why de - lay? why de - lay? If take his word, bleed-ing side, At the cross, where once he died, See the bil-lows roll, Tho' their weight oppress thy soul, If thou Sav-iour's bleed-ing sins like thou be - lieve, And no more the Spir - it grieve, Then his pent - ing, D.S. fountain, flow-ing free, To the blood that cleanseth me, Where the Fine. CHORUS. bless-ed heal-ing tide, Flowing free, flowing free. Come, sinner, come, the wilt, he'll make thee whole. Come a-way, come a-way. love thou shalt re-ceive. Come a - way, come a-way.

Saviour waits for thee, Come a - way, come a-way.



And onward urge thy way.

Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun:
And, crown'd with victry, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

Words by Rev. W. McDonald. Music by J. P. WEBSTER. am com - ing to Je - sus for rest, Rest. com - ing, my sin I de - plore, 2. In Mv weak-ness and Je - sus I give up my all, Ev -'ry treasure and trust-ing in Je - sus a - lone, Trust-ing now his sal rap - tures of love, 5. Mv heart is in Love. such as the pu - ri - fied know: Mv be blest, soul is a - thirst to long to be sav'd ev - er-more, To be pov - er - ty show; L - dol I know; For his ful - ness of bless - ing I call, Till his va - tion to know; And his blood doth so ful - ly a - tone, ransom'd ones know: I am strengthen'd with might from a-bove. CHORUS. be - lieve wash'd and made whit-er than snow. Je - sus wash'd and made whit-er than snow. blood wash-es whit-er than snow. wash'd and made whit-er than snow. wash'd and made whit-er than snow. be-lieve Je - sus And his blood washes whit-er than snow, Melody used by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co. Words written for this Work.

### T Believe Jesus Saves.



# I HAVE ENTERED THE VALLEY OF BLESSING SO SWEET. (No. 73 in "Beulah Songs.")

1 I have entered the valley of blessing so And there's rest for the weary worn sweet. traveler's feet.

And Jesus abides with me there:

cleansing complete, And his perfect love casteth out fear.

Chorus.

Oh come to this valley of blessing so sweet,

Where Jesus will fulness bestow-And believe, and receive, and confess him, That all his salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,

And plenty the land doth impart;

And joy for the sorrowing heart.

And his spirit and blood make my 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet, may feel.

Such as none but the blood-wash'd When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,

And Christ sets his covenant seal.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet

That angels would fain join the strain, As with rapturous praises we bow at his Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was

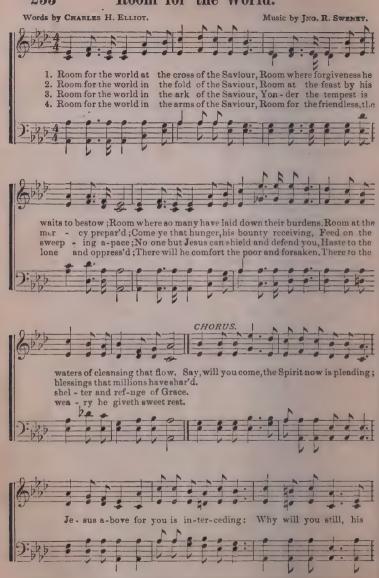
DEAR JESUS, I LONG TO BE FERFECTLY WHOLE. (No. 26 in "Beulah Songs.") 254

1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole; I want thee forever to live in my soul: Break down every idol, cast out every foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Chorus.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow: Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

- 2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain; Apply thine own blood, and remove every stain: To have this blest cleansing, I all things forego: Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 3 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacrifice; I give up myself, and whatever I know: Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 4 Dear Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait; Come now and within me a clean heart create: To those who have sought thee thou never saidst no, Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 5 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow: Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 6 The blessing, by faith, I receive from above: O glory! my soul is made perfect in love: My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know The blood is applied: I am whiter than snow. J. NICHOLSON.

### Room for the World.



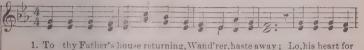
### Room for the World, Concluded,



# 256 Wand'rer, Welcome Home.

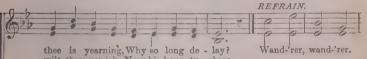
Words by WM. H. CLARK.

Music by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- 2. In thy Father's house is wait-ing Plenty and to spare; Why with hunger
- 3. Why in for-eign lands a stranger, Wilt thou longer roam? Rise at once, thy
  4. Lo, he waits and longs to greet thee, Longs thy soul to bless; Come, repenting,
- 5. He will soothe thy ev 'ry sorrow, Calm thy ev'-ry fear; Robe thee in the



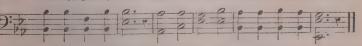


thee is yearning, Why so long de - lay? wilt thou per-ish, Now his boun-ty share. Father calls thee, "Haste, my child, come home." seek his par-don, Now thy sin con - fess. precious garment Of his love so dear.



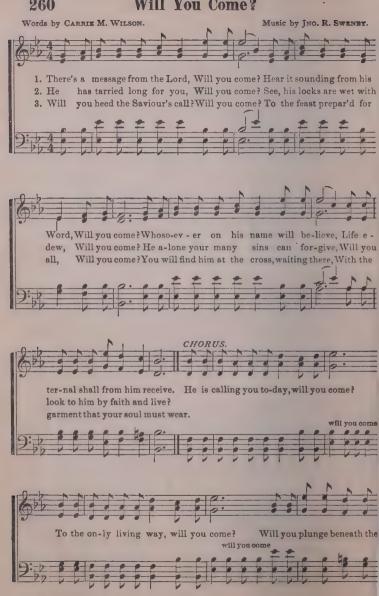


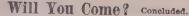
Quickly, quickly come; Wand'rer, wand'rer, Welcome, welcome home!

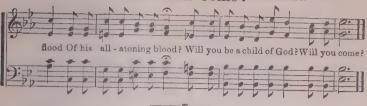


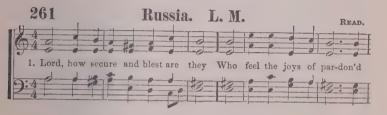


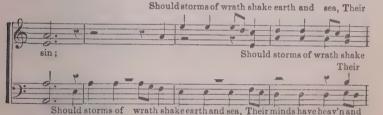




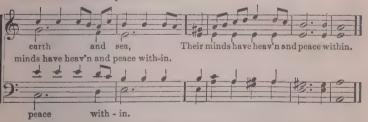








minds have heav'n and peace with-in.

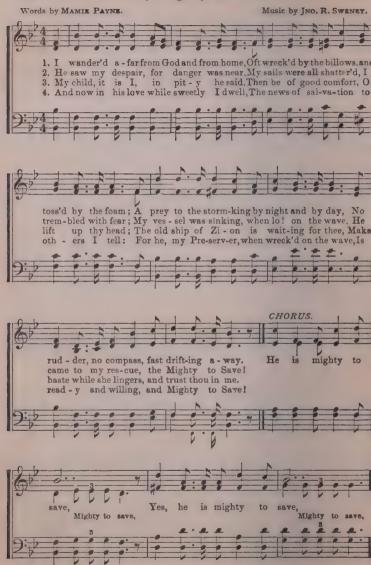


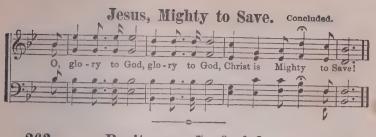
Made up of innocence and love; And, soft and silent as the shades, Their nightly minutes gently move.

But fly not half so swift away; Their souls are ever bright as noon, And calm as summer evenings be.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads, 4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills, Where groves of living pleasure grow; And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles, Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on 5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys, But spend the day, and share the night In numb'ring o'er the richer joys That heaven prepares for their delight.











2 Other knowledge I disdain: 'Tis all but vanity: Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,-He tasted death for me. Me to save from endless woe,

The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,

And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest; My fluctuating heart From the haven of his breast Shall never more depart: Whither should a sinner go? His wounds for mestand open wide;

Only Jesus will I know, And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace, And pleasure without end: This is all my happiness, On Jesus to depend: Daily in his grace to grow,

And ever in his faith abide: Only Jesus will I know, And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite, This saving truth to prove; Show the length, the breadth, the height And depth of Jesus' love!

Fain I would to sinners show The blood by faith alone applied:

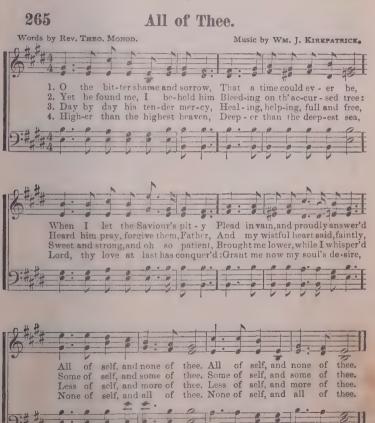
Only Jesus will I know, And Jesus crucified.



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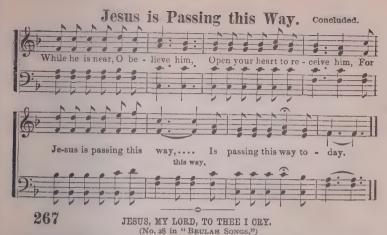
### Along the River of Time. Concluded.





Jesus is Passing this Way. 266 Words by E. A. H. Music by J. H. TENNEY. By per. 1. Is there a sin-ner a - wait - ing Mer-cy and pardon to -2. Brother, the Master is wait - ing, Waiting to free-ly for - give; bless you, While in contrition you 3. Yes, he is coming to Welcome the news that we bring him: "Jesus is passing this way!" Why not this moment ac - cept him, Trust in his grace and live? Com-ing from sin to re - deem you, Read-y to save now: Coming in love and in mer - cy, Pardon and peace to be - stow,
He is so tender and pre - cious, He is so near you to - day; Can you refuse the sal - va - tion Je-sus is of - fer-ing Coming to save the poor sin - ner From his heart-anguish and woe. Open your heart to re - ceive him, While he is passing this Open your heart to ad - mit him, While he is coming so way. CHORUS. Je-sus is passing this way, ..... To - day, .... to - day, ..... Jesus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!

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1 Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me, I must die: Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am!

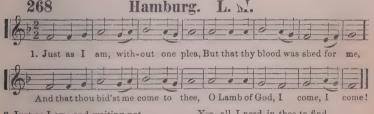
Cho. - Take me as I am. Take me as I am! Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am!

- 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt. But yet for me thy blood was spilt, And thou can'st make me what thou 6 And when at last the work is done, But take me as I am! I wilt.
- 3 No preparation can I make, My best resolves I only break.

Yet save me for thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!

- 4 I thirst, I long to know thy love. Thy full salvation I would prove: But since to thee I cannot move, Oh, take me as I am!
- 5 If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew, And work both in and by me too. But take me as I am !

The battle o'er, the vict'ry won, Still, still my cry shall be alone,-Lord, take me as I am!



2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot; [spot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive, O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt; Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!

Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, and thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come!

Words by H. M. BRADLY.

Arranged by Rev. W. McDonald.



271 LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace: O refresh us,

Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration, For thy Gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence

With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,

Borne on angels' wings to heaven, Glad the summons to obey,

May we ever Reign with Christ in andiess day.

220 WALTER SHIRLBY.

# SONGS OF JOY AND GLADNESS.

The Lord will Provide. some way or oth - er the Lord will pro-vide: It 2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will pro-vide; It 3. De - spond then no lon - ger; the Lord will pro - vide; And 4. March on, then, right bold - lv: the sea shall di - vide; The may not be my way, It may not be thy way, And not be my time, It may not be thy time, And be the tok-en— No word He hath spok-en Was path - way made glorious, With shout-ings vic - to - rious, We'll His own way, "The Lord pro - vide." pro - vide." His own time, Lord yet brok - en-"The pro - vide." with the cho - rus, Lord pro - vide."

LOWELL MASON.



### FOR WATCHFULNESS.

1 A charge to keep I have. A God to glorify; A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky. To serve the present age, My calling to fulfil,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage, To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care, As in Thy sight to live; A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray, And on Thyself rely, Assured, if I my trust betray, I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

### 274 sow beside all waters.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give thou no heed, Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive, 1 The late or early sown;

Grace keeps the precious germ alive, When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear, In verdure, beauty, strength, The tender blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain: Cold, heat, and moist, and dry, Shall foster and mature the grain For garners in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end, The day of God, shall come, The angel reapers shall descend, And heaven shout, "Harvest home!" JAMES MONTGOMERY.

#### 275 MAKE HASTE TO LIVE.

1 Make haste, O man, to live, For thou so soon must die; Time hurries past thee like the breeze: How swift its moments fly

2 Make haste, O man, to do Whatever must be done: And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare, Thou hast no time to lose in sloth, Thy day will soon be gone.

> 3 Up, then, with speed, and work; Fling ease and self away; This is no time for thee to sleep, Up, watch, and work, and pray!

4 Make haste, O man, to live, Thy time is almost o'er;

O sleep not, dream not, but arise, The Judge is at the door.

### HORATIUS BONAR. 276 MOURN FOR THE SLAIN.

Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong; Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the lost, - but call, Call to the strong, the free; Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall, And to the refuge flee.

3 Mourn for the lost, - but pray, Pray to our God above,

To break the fell destroyer's sway, And show His saving love.

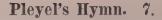


- 3 The spies brought back their message, Some wept, some said "we can;" The land was all 'twas promised. But whe will lead the van? At last my heart despairing. Of entering with this band, I cried aloud to Jesus,

- 4 Then, after weary marches, And many a longing sigh, I found the river-crossing, And saw the land was nigh.

- The Lord looked down in mercy,
- By faith I touched His hand, followed close beside Him, And found the promised land.
- 5 And now my song of gladness I'm singing day by day, For fellowship with Jesus Makes calm and bright my way.
- I fear not for the morrow, For His almighty hand
- know shall lead and keep me In this the promised land.

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### HUMBLE ADORATION.

- 1 Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord, Be Thy glorious name adored! Lord. Thy mercies never fail:
- 2 Though unworthy of Thine ear. Deign our humble songs to hear; Purer praise we hope to bring When around Thy throne we sing. 280 TRIBUTE OF PRAISE AT PARTING.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay, Guide our footsteps in Thy way, Till we come to dwell with Thee, Till we all Thy glory see.
- 4 Then, with angel-harps again, We will wake a nobler strain; There, in joyful songs of praise, Our triumphant voices raise.

UNENOWN.

# BLESSINGS IMPLORED.

1 Lord, we come before Thee now, At Thy feet we humbly bow; O do not our suit disdain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend; In compassion now descend; Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine own appointed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay; Lord, we know not how to go, Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from Thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let Thy Spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy return; Those that are cast down lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find Thee, a gracious God and kind: Heal the sick, the captive free; Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

1 Christian, brethren, ere we part, Every voice and every heart Join, and to our Father raise One last hymn of grateful praise. 2 Tho' we here should meet no more. Yet there is a brighter shore: There, released from toil and pain, There we all may meet again. 3 Now to Thee, Thou God of heaven, Be eternal glory given: Grateful for Thy love divine,

H. KIRKE WHITE. Alt.

# CONCLUDING PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING.

May our hearts be ever Thine.

1 Now may He who from the dead Brought the Shepherd of the sheep, Jesus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil What is pleasing in His sight; Make us perfect in His will, And preserve us day and night.

3 To that great Redeemer's praise, Who the covenant sealed with blood, Let our hearts and voices raise

JOHN NEWTON.



### Silver Street. S. M.



### 283

#### GRACE.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear:
- Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.
- drace first contrived a way To save rebellious man; And all the steps that grace display, Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet To tread the heavenly road; And new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown Through everlasting days;
- It lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves our praise. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

- Through all the gospel shine! 'Tis God that speaks, and we confess The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from His throne on high, The mighty Saviour comes; Lays His bright robes of glory by,

And feeble flesh assumes.

- 3 The debt that sinners owed, Upon the cross He pays: Then thro' the clouds ascends to God, 'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There our High Priest appears Before His Father's throne; Mingles His merits with our tears, And pours salvation down.

### LOVE FOR ZION.

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved.
- With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last, 284 OUR DEBT PAID UPON THE CROSS. To ZION SHAIL DE GITCH.

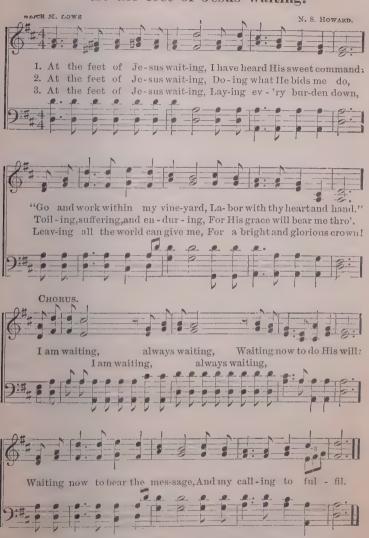
  The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

## PURITY OF HEART.

- Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God; The secret of the Lord is theirs, Their soul is His abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul He doth Himself impart, And for His temple and His throne
- Selects the pure in heart. 3 Lord, we Thy presence seek, May ours this blessing be;
- O give the pure and lowly heart,— A temple meet for Thee.

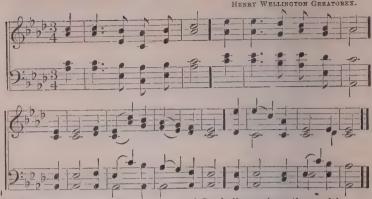
JOHN KEBLE.

SAMUBL STENNETT.



- 4 At the feet of Jesus waiting, Just as He would have me be, Waiting for the home in glory He's preparing now for me.
- 5 At the feet of Jesus waiting, May I ever there be found; Proving, by my faithful service, Christ in me to all around.

Leighton. S. M.



288 VICTORY ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

1 Arise, ye saints, arise! The Lord our Leader is; The foe before His banner fies, And victory is His.

2 We follow thee, our Guide, Our Saviour, and our King; We follow Thee, through grace supplied 1 The harvest dawn is near, From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day When all our toils shall cease: When we shall cast our arms away, And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here; It makes our burdens light; 'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,

Till faith shall end in sight:

5 Till, of the prize possessed, We hear of war no more; And ever with our Leader rest, On yonder peaceful shore. THOMAS KELLY.

## 289 RECOMPENSE OF TOIL.

1 Laborers of Christ, arise, And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies Already cheers the soil,

2 Go where the sick recline. Where mourning hearts deplore; And where the sons of sorrow pine, Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above, With prayer, your constant guest; Make us, O holy King!
And wrap the Saviour's changeless That through the ages it be given A mantle round your breast.

1 Let us keep steadfast guard With lighted hearts all night, That when Christ comes, we stand And meet Him with delight.

2 At midnight's season chill Lay Paul and Silas bound, -Bound, and in prison sang they still. And singing, freedom found.

3 Our prison is this earth, And yet we sing to Thee: Break sin's strong fetters, lead us forth.

To us Thy praise to sing. BREVIART

4 So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er despoil, And the blest gospel's saving health

Repay your arduous toil. MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY

# 290 sowing in tears, reaping

The year delays not long; And he who sows with many a tear, Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes, His seed with weeping leaves; But he shall come at twilight's close. And bring his golden sheaves.

GEORGE BURGESS.

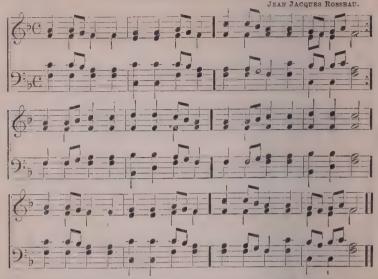
Set us, believing, free! 4 Meet for Thy realm in heaven, Miss M. A. LEE.



- 2 I've His gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King, To His ain royal palace, His banished hame, will bring Wi' een, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see "The King in His beauty," an' our ain countrie.

  My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair;
  But there they'll never yex me, nor be remembered mair, For His bluid nath made me white, and His hand shall dry my e'e, When He brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.
- 3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest, I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast, For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me, An' "He carries them Himsel'," to His ain countrie. He's faithfu' that hath promised, He'll surely come again, He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken; But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be, To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
- 4 So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait, For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate, God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me, That we may a' gang in gladness to our ain countrie. [Last four lines of 1st verse can be sung to complete 4th verse.]

Greenville, 8, 7, 4,



# 293 FOR THE FULNESS OF PEACE

Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

Let us each, Thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace; O refresh us,

Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,

For Thy gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of Thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound: May Thy presence

With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given Us from earth to call away,

Borne on angels' wings to heaven, Glad the summons to obey, May we ever

Reign with Christ in endless day. WALTER SHIRLEY.

# 294 HEAVENLY JOY ANTICIPATED.

1 In Thy name, O Lord, assembling, We, Thy people, now draw near: Teach us to rejoice with trembling; Speak, and let Thy servants hear: Hear with meekness, Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are length-

I Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,

> May we run, nor weary be, Till Thy glory Without cloud in heaven we see,

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter, All Thy people shall adore;

Sharing then in rapture greater Than they could conceive before: Full enjoyment,

Full and pure, for evermore.

THOMAS KELLY.

# 295 FOR A BLESSING ON THE

1 Come, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,

Bless the sower and the seed; Let each heart Thy grace inherit; Raise the weak, the hungry feed;

From the gospel

Now supply Thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing, Which Thy word's designed to give; Let us all, Thy love possessing, Joyfully the truth receive,

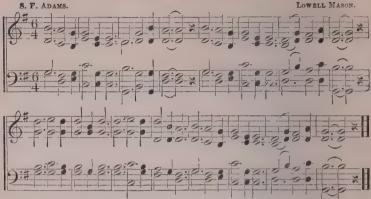
And forever To Thy praise and glory live.

JONATHAN EVANS.



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# 297 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! Ee'n tho' it be a cross, That raiseth me! Still all my songs shall be, ||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :|| Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer. The sun gone down, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be [: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :| Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear, Steps unto heaven; All that Thou sendest me In mercy given; Angels to beckon me ||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||
Nearer to Thee.

# 298 fade, fade each earthly joy.

1 Fade, fade, each earthly joy: Jesus is mine! Break, every tender tie; Jesus is mine: Dark is the wilderness; Earth has no resting place; Jesus alone can bless;

2 Tempt not my soul away; Jesus is mine:

Here would I ever stay; Jesus is mine:

Jesus is mine.

Perishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day. Pass from my heart away, Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, mortality; Jesus is mine: Welcome, eterni., Jesus is mine: Welcome, O loved and blest! Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast; Jesus is mine!

Mrs. BONAR.

MIN PRENTIS

#### 299 MORE LOVE TO THEE.

1 More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make On bended knee; This is my earnest plea, :: More love, O Christ, to Thee, :: More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest: Now Thee alone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be, ||: More love, O Christ, to Thee!:| More love to Thee!

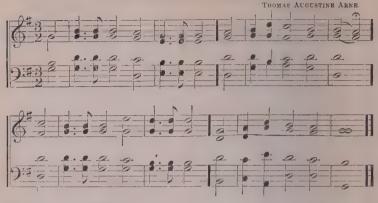
3 Then shall my latest breath, Whisper Thy praise, This be the parting cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be: |: More love, O Christ, to Thee,:| More love to Thee!

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# While the Years are rolling on. HARRIET B. MCKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per. Recitante. of weeping, While the years are roll-ing on. 2. There's no time to waste in sighing. While the years are roll-ing on: Time is Let us strengthen one an-oth er. While the years are roll-ing on; Seek to 4. Friends we love are quickly fly-ing, While the years are roll-ing on: No more souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on. While our journey we pursue. fly - ing, souls are dying, While the years are rolling on. Loving words a soul may win raise a fall - en brother, While the years are rolling on. This is work for ev-ery hand, part-ing, no more dy-ing. While the years are rolling on. In the world beyond the tomb With the ha-ven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the years are rolling on. From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'rers in, While the years are rolling on. Till, thro'out creation's land, Armies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are rolling on, Sor - row nev - er more can come. When we meet in that blest home, While the years are rolling on. Are roll-ing Are roll-ing Are roll -ing Are roll-ing on. do-ing, While the years are roll-ing on. the good we may be

Copyright, 1878, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

## Arlington. C. M.



# 301 FAITH SEES THE FINAL TRIUMPH.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?

  Must I not stem the flood?
- Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, though they die: They see the triumph from afar, By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thy armies shine
- In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine.

ISAAC WATTS.

# 302 THE RACE FOR GLORY.

- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
- And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey;
  Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own hand presents the prize

To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,

Which shall new lustre boast, When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems

Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee, Have I my race begun; And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet

I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

### 303 NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend His cause;
- Maintain the honor of His word, The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His name; His name is all my trust;
- Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,

And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name Before His Father's face.

And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ISAAC WATTS.



### Emmons. C. M.



## 305 THOU DEAR REDEEMER.

- 1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, I love to hear of Thee:
- No musics, like Thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 Oh, may I ever hear Thy voice In mercy to me speak!
- In Thee, my Priest, will I rejoice, And Thy salvation seek.
- 3 My Jesus shall be still my theme, While on this earth I stay.
- I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name, When all things else decay.
- 4 When I appear in yonder cloud, With all His favored throng,
- Then will I sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my song.

# 306 LET EVERY EAR ATTEND.

Let every mortal ear attend, and every heart rejoice, The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! y , that pant for living streams, And pine away and die,

Here you may quench your raging thirst

With springs that never dry.

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared A soul-reviving feast,

And bids your longing appetites The rich provision taste.

4 The happy gates of gospel grace Stand open night and day;

Lord, we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants away.

#### 307WHAT GLORY GILDS.

- 1 What glory gilds the sacred page! Majestic like the sun,
- It gives a light to every age; It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat;
- Its truths upon the nations rise: They rise, but never set.
- 3 Lord, everlasting thanks be Thine For such a bright display,
- As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue The steps of Him we love,
- Till glory breaks upon our view In brighter worlds above.

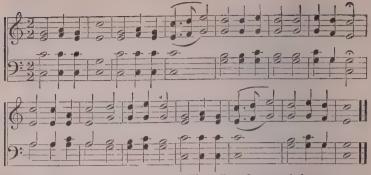
#### 308INFINITE GRACE.

- 1 Infinite excellence is Thine, Thou glorious Prince of grace! Thy uncreated beauties shine With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end, Come bending at Thy feet;
- To Thee their prayers and songs ascend,
  - In Thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live On Thy exhaustless store,
- From Thee they all their bliss receive And still Thou givest more.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy; They find their all in Thee; Thy glories will their tongues employ

Through all eternity.



### Sessions, L. M.



### O FOR THAT FLAME.

O for that flame of living fire Which shone so bright in saints of 312

Which bade their souls to heaven as-

Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which Thine?

Which made Paul's heart with sorrow From Calvary, in brightest rays, melt,

And glow with energy divine? —

3 That Spirit, which from age to age Proclaimed Thy love, and taught Thy ways?

Brightened Isaiah's vivid page, And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4 Remember, Lord, the ancient days; Renew Thy work; Thy grace restore; And while to Thee our hearts we raise, On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.

### THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

1 Jesus, the deep now owns Thy sway, And ransomed sailors hall the day! While they behold, like lightning's blaze,

Thy gospel spread wide o'er the seas! 2 From pole to pole salvation's heard; Jesus is owned, is loved, and feared! From east to west the Bethel flies. And songs of praise ascend the skies! 3 Enlightened sailors now shall raise Anthems to their Redeemer's praise! Through heathen nations loud pro-

Salvation free in Jesus' name!

4 Glory to Thee, our gracious Lord. We joyful sing with one accord,

The sailors, long a rebel race, Return to seek their Father's face!

### JEHOVAH'S PRESENCE.

1 Not heaven's wide range of hallow'd space

Jehovah's presence can confine, Nor angels, claims restrain His grace Whose glories through creation shine, 2 It beam'd on Eden's guilty days,

In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him And traced redemption's wondrous plan;

> It glow'd to guide benighted man. 3 Its sacred shrine it fixes there, Where two or three are met to raise Their holy hands in humble prayer, Or tune their hearts to grateful praise.

> 4 Be this, O Lord, that honour'd place, -

The house of God, the gate of heaven; And may the fulness of Thy grace To all who here shall meet be given.

#### 313 MISSIONARY MEETING.

1 Assembled at Thy great command, Before Thy face, dread King, we stand: The voice that marshall'd every star, Has call'd Thy people from afar.

We meet through distant lands to

The truth for which the martyrs bled; Along the line—to either pole— The anthem of Thy praise to roll.

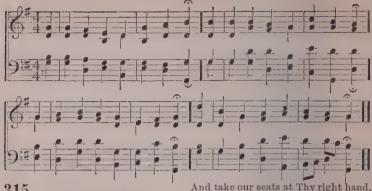
3 Our prayers assist: accept our praise; Our hopes revive; our courage raise; Our counsels aid;—to each impart The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come: Recall the wand'ring spirits home; From Zion's mount send forth the sound.

To spread the spacious earth around.



## old Hundred. L. M.



OLD HUNDRED.

1 From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung In every land, by every tongue, 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord; Eternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to

shore. Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring! In songs of praise divinely sing! The great salvation loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song -To every land the strains belong: In cheerful sounds all voices raise, And fill the world with loudest praise.

316 ° THOU, WHOM ALL THY SAINTS ADORE.

1 O Thou, whom all Thy saints adore, We now with all Thy saints agree, And bow our inmost souls before Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

2 We come, great God, to seek Thy face, 318 CHRIST'S PRESENCE MAKES And for Thy loving-kindness wait; And O how dreadful is this place!

'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

3 Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh; To Thee our trembling hearts aspire: And lo! we see descend from high The pillar and the flame of fire.

4 Still let it on the assembly stay. And all the house with glory fill;

And lead us to Thy holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand, And join the general Church above, And sing Thine everlasting love.

### GRATEFUL ADORATION.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone. He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,

He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,

High as the heavens our voices raise; And earth with her ten thousand tongues,

Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command; Vast as eternity Thy love; Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,

When rolling years shall cease to move.

# DYING EASY.

1 Why should we start and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate to endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

2 O would my Lord His servant meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless through death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

To Canaan's bounds point out the way, 3 Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are; While on His breast I lean my head,

And breathe my life out sweetly there.

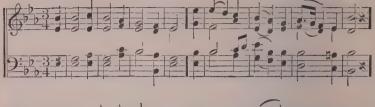
ISAAC WATTS.



From "Songs of our Redeemer,"— Used by permission.
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# 320 OMNIPOTENCE AND WISDOM.

1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise; But O what tongue can speak His fame? What mortal verse can reach the 1 The Bethel flag unfurled they raise, theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory like a garment wears: To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs. Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines; His works, through all this wondrous frame.

Declare the glory of His name.

4 Raised an devotion's lofty wing. Do thou, my soul, His glories sing; And let His praise employ thy tongue, Till listening worlds shall join the song. THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

#### 321 THE LORD IS KING.

1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice. O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice! From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! child of the dust, The Judge of all the earth is just; Hely and true are all His ways: Let every creature speak His praise.

3 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains:

And He is at the Father's side, The Man of love, the Crucified.

dens known. He will present them at the throne;

And angel bands are waiting there His messages of love to bear.

### LIFT YE UP A BANNER.

And seamen meet for prayer and praise; Far distant from their native shore, Redeeming love and grace adore.

2 May there the sons of ocean see That Jesus' blood is truly free; And may Thy Spirit, Lord, impart It's influence to each seaman's heart!

3 Lord! let the ship a Bethel be, While sailing o'er the trackless sea; And may each one on board record, I've found the Saviour, Christ, the Lord!"

4 Then, should the waves their bark o'erwhelm.

They'll feel their Father's at the helm; This will assuage their every grief And in distress afford relief.

### PRAISE TO THE SAVIOUR.

1 Jesus, Thou everlasting King, Accept the tribute which we bring; Accept Thy well-deserved renown. And wear our praises as Thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee; Your God is King, your Father reigns; Like the blest hour, when from above We first received the pledge of love.

3 Let every moment as it flies, 4 Come, make your wants, your bur- Increase Thy praise, improve our joys, Till we are raised to sing Thy Name, At the great supper of the Lamb.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY. the good old way where the saints have gone, And the good old way like the ran-somed throng, Un - to the good old way with a stead-fast faith, In the 4. Thoughour feet must stand on the cold, cold brink King leads on be - fore us, We are travelling home to now re-turn-ing, We are travelling home at love and un-ion, What a joy is ours for storm-y riv-er, With the King we'll cross to Jor - dan's storm - y heavenly hills, With the day star shining o'er us. Travelling home to the King's command, And our lamps are trimmed and burning. King we see, And with Him we hold communion. oth - er side. And we'll sing His praise forever. man-sions fair Crowns O what a shout when we all get there Safe in the glo-ry land.

## Going Home, L. M.



### THE HEAVENLY HOME.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair: Nor pain nor death can enter there; Its glittering towers the sun outshine; That heavenly mansion shall be mine. See in His heavenly smiles, appear

I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more; To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high, Far, far above the starry sky, When from this earthly prison free, That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 Let others seek a home below. Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, Be mine the happier lot to own A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 4 Then fail the earth, let stars decline, 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day, And sun and moon refuse to shine, All nature sink and cease to be, WILLIAM HUNTER.

#### 326THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made;

Where shall the sinner find a cure! In vain, alas! is nature's aid;

2 But can no sovereign balm be found, For all a full atonement made. And is no kind physician nigh,

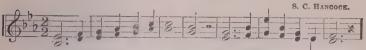
To ease the pain and heal the wound. Ere life and hope forever fly.

- 3 There is a great Physician near; Look up, O fainting soul, and live: Such help as nature cannot give.
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood, Life, health, and bliss abundant flow: and in that sacrifical flood
  - A balm for all thy grief and woe.

### SUFFIGIENCY OF THE ATONEMENT.

- 1 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.
- For who aught to my charge shall lay? Fully absolved through these I am, That heavenly mansion stands for me. From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
  - 3 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood, Which, at the mercy-seat of God, Forever doth for sinners plead, For me, e'en for my soul, was shed
  - 4 Lord, I believe were sinners more The work exceeds her utmost power. Than sands upon the ocean shore, Thou hast for all a ransom paid,

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF. TR. by J. WESLEY.



1. We may sleep, but not for-ev - er,

2. When we see a precious treasure,

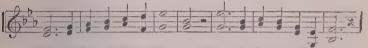
3. We may sleep, but not for-ev - er.

There will be aglorious dawn;

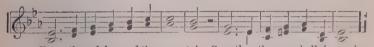
That we tended with such care, In the lone and silent grave:



We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, Rude - ly tak - en from our bo - som, Bless - ed be the Lord that tak-eth, On the res-ur-rec-tion morn! How our aching hearts despair! Bless-ed be the Lord that gave



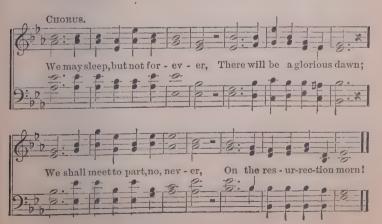
From the deepest caves of o - cean, From the des-ert and the plain, Round its lit-tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set-ting sun is low, In that bright E-ter-nal cit - y, Death can nev - er, nev-er come:



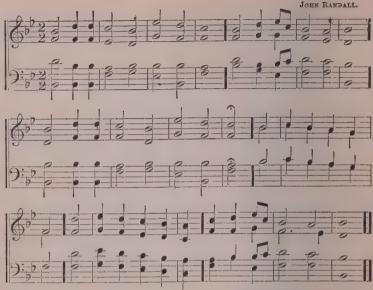
From the val-ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise again.

Feel-ing all our hopes have perish'd With the flow'r we cherish'd so.

In His own good time He'll call us From our rest to home, sweethome.



# Cambridge. C. M.



### THE JOYFUL SOUND.

- 1 Salvation! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around. While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb! To Thee the praise belongs:

Salvation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues.

ISAAC WATTS.

## 330 THE ALL-SUFFICIENT SAVIOUR.

- 1 The Saviour! O what endless charms 3 His only righteousness I show, Dwell in that blissful sound!
- Its influence every fear disarms, And spreads delight around.
- 2 The almighty Former of the skies Stoops to our vile abode; Waile angels view with wondering eyes Preach Him to all, and cry in death, And hail the incarnate God.

- 3 How rich the depths of love divine! Of bliss a boundless store!
- Redeemer, let me call Thee mine, Thy fulness I implore.
- 4 On Thee alone my hope relies; Beneath Thy cross I fall;
- My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice, My Saviour, and my All! ANNE STEELE.

### 331 jesus! the name high over ALL.

- 1 Jesus! the name high over all, The name to sinners given;
- It scatters all their guilty fear; It turns their hell to heaven.
- 2 O that the world might taste and see The riches of His grace!
- The arms of love that compass me Would all mankind embrace.
- His saving truth proclaim:
  - 'Tis all my business here below, To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 4 Happy, if with my latest breath I may but gasp His name; "Behold, behold the Lamb!"







## 333 SABBATH AND SANCTUARY JOYS.

- 1 With joy we hail the sacred day. Which God has called His own: With joy the summons we obey. To worship at His throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair, As here Thy servants throng

  As here Thy servants throng

  To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,

  Twas great to speak the world from
- Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell Within Thy Church below; Make her in holiness excel, With pure devotion glow.
- Let all her sons unite, To spread with holy zeal around Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day, Which Thou hast called Thine own; With joy the summons we obey To worship at Thy throne.

HARRIET AUBER.

#### 334 EASTER SUNDAY.

- 1 The Lord of Sabbath let us praise, In concert with the blest, Who, joyful, in harmonious lays Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee, We blest and pious grow:

By hymns of praise we learn to be Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene Of glory was displayed,

By the eternal Word, than when This universe was made.

naught:

'Twas greater to redeem.

SAMUEL WESLEY, Jr.

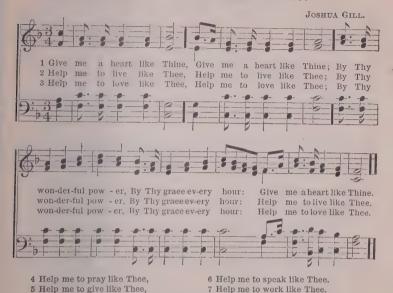
#### 335 SABBATH LIGHT.

- 4 Let peace within her walls be found; 1 Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray, Dispels the darkness of the night, And pours increasing day.
  - 2 O what a night was that which wrapt A guilty world in gloom!
  - O what a sun, which broke this day Triumphant from the tomb!
  - 3 This day be grateful homage paid, And loud hosannas sung: Let gladness dwell in every heart. And praise on every tongue.
  - 4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join To hail this happy morn,

Which scatters blessings from its wings On nations yet unborn.

Mrs. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

# 336 Give me a Heart like Thine.



Copyright, 1888, by Joshua Gill.

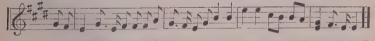
# 337 I am bound for the Kingdom.



Whith-er goest thou,pil-grim stranger, Wand'ring thro' this gloom-y vale? Know'stthou not 'tis full of dan-ger, And will not thy courage fail? Pil-grim thou hast just - ly called me, Pass-ing thro' the waste so wide,

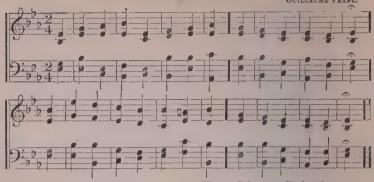
2 Pil-grim thou hast just-ly called me, Pass-ing thro'the waste so wide, But no harm will e'er be-fall me While I'm blest with such a guide.

#### REFRAIN.



I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me?Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord!

- 3 Such a guide! no guide attends thee, Hence for thee my fears arise: If some guardian power befriend thee, 'T is unseen by mortal eyes.
- 4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me, Such a guide my steps attend; He'll in every strait relieve me, He will guide me to the end.
- 5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee, Darkly winding through the vale; Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee Would not then thy courage fail?
- 6 No, that stream has nothing frightful, To its brink my steps I 'll bend, Thence to plunge 't will be delightful, There my pilgrimage will end.



### THE INVITATION.

1 The King of heaven His table spreads,

And blessings crown the board; Not paradise, with all its joys, Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men, And endless life are given,

Through the rich blood that Jesus shed

To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now, Were fed and feasted here:

And millions more, still on the way, Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away, Nor weak excuses frame; Crowd to your places at the feast,

And bless the Founder's name. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

# 339 APPROACHING THE TABLE.

1 Jesus, at whose supreme command, 3 Gethsemane can I forget? We now approach to God,

Before us in Thy vesture stand Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 The tokens of Thy dving love

O let us all receive, And feel the quickening Spirit move,

And sensibly believe. 3 The cup of blessing, blest by Thee, 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,

Let it Thy blood impart; The bread Thy mystic body be, To cheer each languid heart.

#### 340 OH, WHERE ARE KINGS AND EMPIRES NOW?

1 Oh, where are kings and empires

Of old that went and came? But, Lord. Thy Church is praying yet, A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements And her foundations strong:

We hear within the solemn voice Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world Thy holy Church, O God!

Though earthquake shocks are threatening her

And tempests are abroad,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills, Immovable she stands—

A mountain that shall fill the earth, A house not made by hands.

### 34 GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE.

1 According to Thy gracious word. In meek humility

This will I do, my dying Lord, I will remember Thee!

2 Thy body, broken for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be;

Thy testamental cup I take, And thus remember Thee!

Or there Thy conflict see, Thine agony and bloody sweat,

And not remember Thee!

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Calvary,

O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice, I must remember Thee!

And all Thy love to me;

Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains, I will remember Thee!

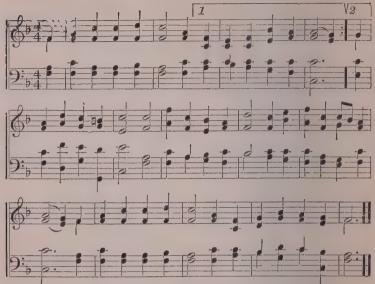
6 And when these failing lips grow dumb.

And mind and memory flee, When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom

Jesus, remember me!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.





# 343 FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand; Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim.

Salvation! oh, salvation! The joyful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nature,

The Lamb for sinner's slain, Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign. 344 WHEN SHALL THE VOICE OF SINGING?

1 When shall the voice of singing Flow joyfully along, When hill and valley ringing,

With one triumphant song, Proclaim the contest ended, And Him who once was slain Again to earth descended In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains, The sacred shout shall fly; And shady vales and fountains,

Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling.

Shall send the chorus round, All hallelujah's swelling,

In one eternal sound! JAMES EDMESTON.

# 345 ROLL ON, THOU MIGHTY OCEAN.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy

Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them

Safe to the destined shore; That man may sit in darkness, And death's black shade, no more.

JAMES EDMESTON.

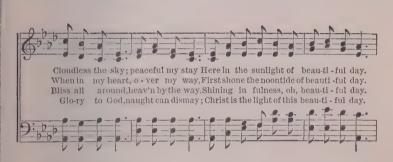
HEBER.

W. J. K.

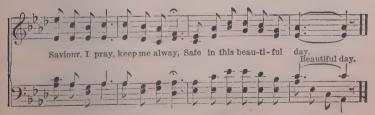
W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.











### Lenox, H. M.



## 347 blow ye the trumpet.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound, Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,

||: The year of jubilee is come;:||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest, Has full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest;

Ye mourning souls, be glad;

||: The year of jubilee is come;:||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God, The sin atoning Lamb; Redemption by His blood Through all the world proclaim;

||:The year of jubilee is come;;||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
CHARLES WESLEY.

## 348 ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

1 Arise, my soul, arise; Shake eff thy guilty fears; The bleeding sacrifice In my behalf appears:

|| :Before the throne my surety stands, :||
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above For me to intecede.

His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;

||:His blood atoned for all our race;:||
And sprinkles now the throne or
grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray, His dear anointed one; He can not turn away The presence of His Sen;

||: His Spirit answers to the blood,:||
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled; His pardoning voice I hear: He owns me for His child; I can no longer fear:

With confidence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Abba, Father." cry. CHARLES WESLEY.

### 349 DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father's throne Your highest honors raise; Glory to God the Son, To God the Spirit, pr' ise:

#: With all our powers, eternal King,:#
Thy everlasting praise we sing.



Or to talk about garlies to me
On Jordan's near side, I can never abide,
For no place here of refuge I see,
Till I come to the spot, and inherit the lot,
Which the Lord God will give unto me.

4 What though some in the rear preach up terror

and fear. And complain of the trials they meet;
Though the giants before with great fury do roar,
If meeoly of I will never retreat.
We are little, the true, and our numbers are few,
And the sone of old Anak are taid.
But while I see a track I will never go back,
But go on at the risk of my all. And complain of the trials they meet;

And the priests with their trumpets do blow; As the prests give the sound and the trumpets All my soul is exulting to go.

If I'm faithful and true, and my fourney pursue, Till I stand on the heavenly shore,
I shall jostfully see what a biessing to me
Was the mortifying cross which I bore.
6 All my honors and wealth, all my pleasures and
I am willing should now be at stake; Thealth,
If my Christ I obtain, I shall think it great gain,
For the scripte which I shall make 'twill look,
From the midst of a giorified throng,
Where all losses are gain, where each serrow and
Are exchanged for the conqueror's song. [pain

Are exchanged for the conqueror's song. [pain

# Woodland. C. M.



### 351 THE LAND OF REST.

- 1 There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed,
- A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls
  By sin and sorrow driven,

When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,

Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.

- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye, To brighter prospects given; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,

And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

## 352 THE WELL OF LIFE.

- 1 Fountain of life, to all below Let Thy salvation roll; Water, replenish, and o'erflow Every believing soul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord, Us weary sinners take; Jesus, fulfil Thy gracious word,

For Thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide, And we shall flow to Thee, While down the stream of time we glide To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us Thou art, Of joy the swelling flood;

Wafted by Thee, with willing heart, We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless

Into Thy fulness fall;
Be lost and swallowed up in Thee,
Our God, our all in all.

CHARLES WESLEY.

# 353 VICTORIOUS FAITH.

- 1 Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord, My Saviour, and my Head, I trust in Thee, whose powerful word
  - Hath raised Him from the dead.
- 2 In hope, against all human hope, Self-desperate, I believe; Thy quickening word shall raise me u
- Thy quickening word shall raise me up, Thou wilt Thy Spirit give.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees, And looks to that alone;
- Laughs at impossibilities, And cries, "It shall be done!"
- 4 To Thee the glory of Thy power And faithfulness I give;
- I shall in Christ, at that glad hour, And Christ in me shall live.
- 5 Obedient faith, that waits on Thee. Thou never wilt reprove;
- But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me, And perfect me in love.

CHARLES WESLEY.



- 4 But I am frail; a thousand slips,
  A thousand words, from hasty lips,
  Will fill my soul with grief and sorrow—
  "Ah, foolish soul, thou shouldst not borrow,
  Just 'as thy days' thy strength shall be,
  'Tis thine to restcomplete in Me!"
- 5 But I am blind, I shall but stray, Or grope and stumble in the way— "My hand shall hold, Mine eye shall guide thee.
- And My bright angels walk beside thee; Fear not, I gave Myself for thee, And where I am night cannot be!"
- 6 "Complete in Him!" and what is this, But gate of pearl that leads to bliss? Life has no need, but Jesus fills it; Life has no storm but Jesus stills it: Peace widens, deepens to a sea, When I can say, "Complete in Thee!"
- 7 And when before the great white throne
  I reap the joys my tears have sown—
  In lottier songs I will adore Him,
  And cast my crown of gold before Him;
  And this my highest note shall be,
  - "Redeemed and saved. complete
    Thee!"





## 355 GOOD NEWS FOR ZION.

1 On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion, long in hostile lands: Mourning captive!

God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mourn-Have thy friends unfaithful proved?

Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved?

Cease thy mourning: Zion still is well beloved.

End in everlasting rest.

3 Peace and joy shall now attend thee; 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, All thy warfare now is past; God thy Saviour will defend thee; Victory is thine at last: All thy conflicts

THOMAS KELLY.

# 306 JEHOVAH, THE DEFENCE OF

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded, Zion, kept by power divine: All her fees shall be confounded, Though the world in arms combine: 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,

Happy Zion, What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish; Friend to friend unfaithful prove: Mothers cease their own to cherish: Heaven and earth at last remove: But no changes Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright,

But can never cease to love thee: Thou art precious in His sight: God is with thee, God, thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY.

#### 357 GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

Pilgrim through this barren land: I am weak - but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

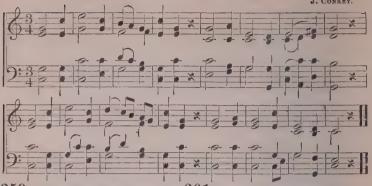
2 Open now the crystal fountain. Whence the healing waters flow; Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,

Lead me all my journey through: Strong Deliv'rer,

Be Thou still my strength and shield.

Bid my anxious fears subside: Bear me through the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side;

Songs of praises I will ever give to thee. 358 I'm Glad I'm Ready. Words and Music by H. H. BOOTH. 1. There's a gol-den day, And 'tis not far a-way, When the Prince of all the Then the hosts shall raise Loud their voices in praise, While with "Righteousness of the There's a cross you may bear, And a robe you must wear, If the glor-ies of the There must not one stain On your garments remain It you wish to seek the When the fighting's o'er. When I reach the shore; Where wickedness and the Lamb that was slain; Power and honor proclaim, For o'er both earth and lon-ger de-lay, But shall send forth the call To the her-self ar-rays; And with rap - tu-rous song Theywill you would share, You must be quite sure That for Bridegroom to gain! For no sin shall enter in To the be no more! With a joy - ful heart I shall right to reign! Yet my heart is Histhrone, And my earth shall no lon-ger saints" the Bride her-self Marriage Sup-per fav - or mis-er - y Heaven He For Mar-riage Supper the Lamb! na - tions all the Roy - al march a - long To the Roy - al Mar-riage Supper Lamb! naren a - long 10 the Roy - al Him you'll endure Till the Roy - al Palace of the King At the Roy - al then take part In the Roy - al Mar-riage Supper of Mar-riage Supper of Mar-riage Supper of Lamb! shall CHORUS. Oh, I'm glad I'm read-y! Read-v with the I'm I'm read-y! join the hap - py throng. "wed-ding gar-ment" on! Fight-ing till



### IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory. Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story

Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me:

Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lustre to the day.

By the cross are sanctified; Peace is there that knows no measure, And our lives would be all sunshine,

Joys that through all time abide. Sir J. BOWRING.

### HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! the angelie host rejoices;

Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story, Hear them chant their hymns of joy: 2 Though cast down, we're not for-"Glory in the highest, glory!

"Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heav-Reaching far as man is found; [en, Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done." Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!

Loud our golden harps shall sound. 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed! Heaven and earth His praises sing;

Oh, receive whom God appointed, For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him; Learn His name and taste His joy, Till in heaven ye sing before Him-

'Glory be to God most high!"'

#### THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY.

There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:

There's a kindness in His justice, Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;

There is mercy with the Saviour; There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind:

And the heart of the Eternal! Is most wonderfully kind.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleas- 4 If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word;

In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER.

#### 362BEREAVEMENT AND RESIGNATION.

1 Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding O'er the spoils that death hath won, We would, at this solemn meeting,

Calmly say, "Thy will be done.

Though afflicted, not alone:

Though to-day we're filled with mourning,

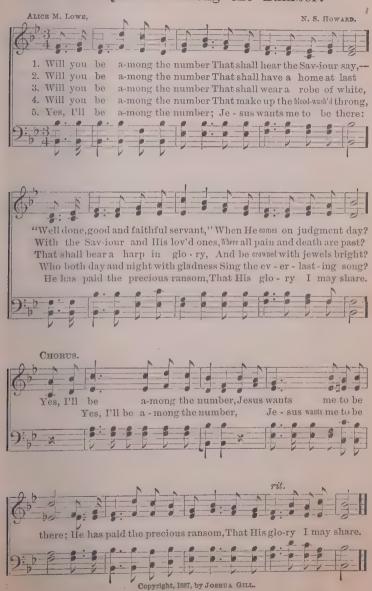
Mercy still is on the throne; With Thy smiles of love returning,

We can sing, "Thy will be done." 4 By Thy hands the boon was given;

Thou hast taken but Thine own: Lord of earth, and God of heaven, Evermore, "Thy will be done."

THOMAS HASTINGS.

# 363 Will you be among the number?





2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away; They bloom for a season, but soon they decay; But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given, Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.—CHORUS.

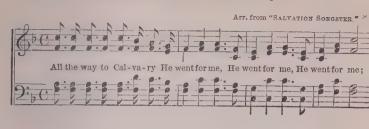
3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me—Fil go to His arms:
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;
O! there may I feast with His children at home.—CHORUS.

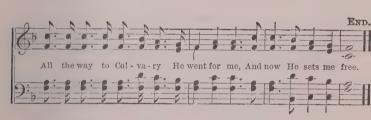
### 365

### I'VE STARTED FOR CANAAN.

1 I have started for Canaan, must I leave you behind? Will you not go up with me? come, make up your mind: The land lies before us, 'tis pleasant to view; Its fruits are abundant, they are offered for you. Come, come, friends, friends, come, I've started for Canaan, oh, will you not come?

- 2 What can tempt you to linger, or turn from the way? The fields are all blooming, as blooming as May: The music is charming, the harmony pure; The joys there are lasting, they ever endure.— Come, &c.
- 3 'Tis the last call of mercy, oh! turn, lest you die! Give your heart to the Saviour, to-day He is nigh: While His arms are extended, while His children all pray, Will you not join our number? come, join us to-day.— Come, &c.



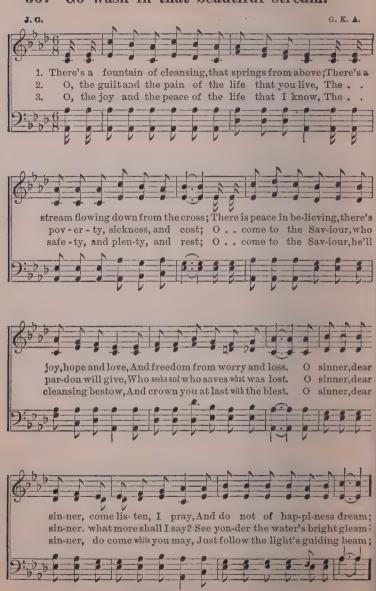




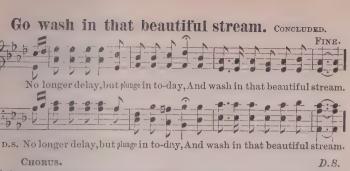


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# 367 Go wash in that beautiful stream.

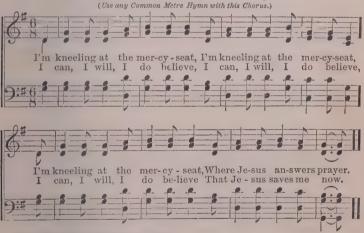


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# 368 I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-seat.

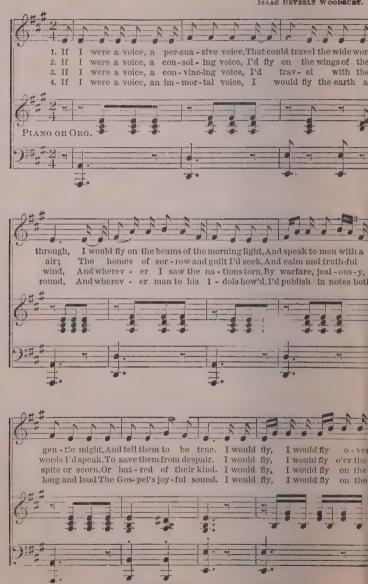


# THE REFINING POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love Shed in my heart abroad; Then shall my feet no longer rove, Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 O that in me the sacred fire Might now begin to glow; Burn up the dross of base desire, And make the mountains flow.
- 3 O that it now from heaven might fall, And all my sins consume;
  - Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call; Spirit of burning, come.
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart; Illuminate my soul:

Scatter Thy life through every part, And sanctify the whole.

ISAAC BEVERLY WOODSURY.

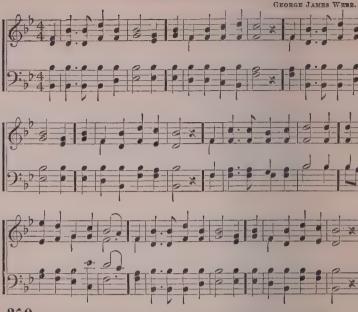


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# If I Were a Voice. CONCLUDED.







# 370 THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

1 The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar, Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war,

2 See heathen nations bending Before the God we love, And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing

And seek the Saviour's blessing, A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation, Pursue Thine onward way; Flow Thou to every nation, Nor in Thy richness stay: Stay not till all the lowly Triumphant reach their hou

Triumphant reach their home. Stay not till all the holy Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

# 371 DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

1 Our country's voice is pleading, Ye men of God, arise!

His providence is leading, The land before you lies:

Day-gleams are o'er it brightening, And promise clothes the soil; Wide fields, for harvest whitening, Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking On California's shore, Christ's precious gospel taking, More rich than golden ore; On Alleghany's mountains, Through all the western vale,

Beside Missouri's fountains, Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding, Speed on from east to west, Till all, His cross beholding, In Him are fully blest. Great Author of salvation, Haste, haste the glorious day,

When we, a ransomed nation, Thy sceptre shall obey!

# Oh! what art thou doing for Me?



# Mission Song. 8s, 7s. D.



# 373 THE LABORERS ARE FEW.

Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,—
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,—
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean
  And the heathen lands explore,
  You can find the heathen nearer,
  You can help them at your door;
  If you cannot speak like angels,
  If you cannot preach like Paul,
  You can tell the love of Jesus,
  You can say he died for all.
- 3 While the souls of men are dying,
  And the Master calls for you,
  Let none hear you idly saying,
  "There is nothing I can do!"
  Gladly take the task he gives you,
  Let his work your pleasure be;
  Answer quickly when he calleth,
  "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
  D. March.

# 374 WHAT THY HAND FINDETH.

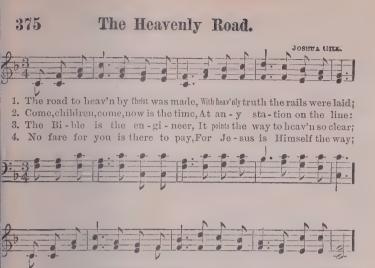
If you cannot on the ocean Sail among the swiftest fleet, Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boat away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,

They will not forget the song.

- 3 If you have not gold or silver
  Ever ready to command;
  If you cannot toward the needy
  Reach an ever open hand,
  You can visit the afflicted,
  O'er the erring you can weep;
  You can be a true disciple
  Sitting at the Saviour's feet.
- Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

  4 If you cannot in the harvest
  Garner up the richest sheave,
  Many a grain both ripe and golden
  Will the careless reapers leave;
  Go and glean among the briers,
  Growing rank against the wall,
  For it may be that the shadow
  Hides the heaviest wheat of all.
  E. H. GATES.



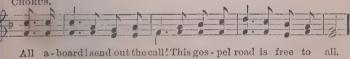
From earth to heav'n the line extends, To life e - ter - nal, where it ends.

If you re-pent and turn from sin, The train will stop and take you in.

Thro' tunnels dark and drear-y here, It doth the way to glo-ry steer.

From earth to heav'n the line extends, To life e - ter - nal, where it ends.

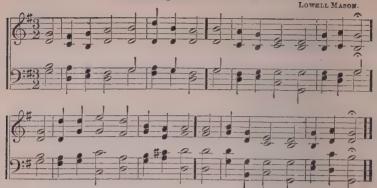






All a-board!our song shall be, Sal - va-tion full, sal - va - tion free!





DELIGHTS OF THE SABBATH. 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and

sing To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth by night

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound
- 3 When grace has purified my heart, Then I shall share a glorious part: And fresh supplies of joy be shed, Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I desired or wished below: And every power fine sweet employ In that eternal world of joy.

# 377 PLEDGE OF GLORIOUS REST.

1 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest; Improve the day thy God hath blest: Another six day's work is done; Another Sabbath is begun.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

As grateful incense to the skies, And draw from Christ that sweet repose,

- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast Is the dear pledge of glorious rest, Which for the Church of God remains: The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day, In holy comforts pass away; How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end! JOSEPH STENNETT.

FOR LOWLINESS AND PURITY.

- Jesus, in whom the Godhead's rays Beam forth with mildest majesty: I see Thee full of truth and grace,
- And come for all I want to Thee.
- 2 Save me from pride—the plague expel; Jesus, Thine humble self impart:
- O let Thy mind within me dwell: O give me lowliness of heart.
- 3 Enter, Thyself, and cast out sin; Thy spotless purity bestow: Touch me, and make the leper clean;

Wash me, and I am white as snow.

4 Sprinkle me, Saviour, with Thy blood, And all Thy gentleness is mine; And plunge me in the purple flood. Till all I am is lost in Thine. CHARLES WESLEY.

### 379 UNDISTURBED DEVOTION.

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone! Let my religious hours alone:

Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see:

- 2 O warm my heart with holy fire, And kindle there a pure desire: Come, sacred Spirit, from above. Which none but he that feels it knows! And fill my soul with heavenly love.
  - 3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare! How sweet thine entertainments are! Never did angels taste above Redeeming grace and dying love.
  - 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine! In Thee Thy Father's glories shine; Thy glorious name shall be adored, And every tongue confess Thee, Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

# 380 "ABIDE WITH US."

1 Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near: O, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last tho't, - how sweet to rest Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve. For without Thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake. Ere through the world my way I take; Abide with me till in Thy love I lose myself in heaven above.

#### 381 FOR MARINERS.

sail, [gale: Send Thou, O Lord, the prosperous And on their hearts, where er they go, O, let Thy heavenly breezes blow.

2 If on the morning's wings they fly, They will not pass beyond Thine eye: The wanderer's prayer Thou bend'st

And faith exults to know Thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark. O hide them safe in Jesus' ark;

When in the tempting port they ride, O keep them safe at Jesus' side.

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar, Still guide them to the heavenly shore; And grant their dust in Christ may

sleep, Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

GEORGE BURGESS.

# HIS WAY IS IN THE SEA.

1 Lord of the wide, extensive main, Whose power the wind, the sea, sustain, controls, Whose hand doth earth and heaven Whose Spirit leads believing souls;

2 'Tis here Thine unknown paths we trace,

Which dark to human eyes appear; While through the mighty waves we

Faith only sees that God is here.

3 Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine:

We own Thy way is in the sea, O'erawed by majesty divine, And lost in Thine immensity.

4 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore. Thine everlasting truth we prove: Amazing heights of boundless power, Unfathomable depths of love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## 383 ORIGINAL AND ACTUAL SIN.

1 Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin, And born unholy and unclean; Sprung from the man whose guilty fall Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath The seeds of sin grow up for death; Thy law demands a perfect heart, But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before Thy face; 1 While o'er the deep Thy servants Our only refuge is Thy grace; No outward forms can make us clean: The leprosy lies deep within.

> 4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast, Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest.

> Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea, Can wash the dismal stain away.

> 5 Jesus, Thy blood, Thy blood alone, Hath power sufficient to atone; Thy blood can make us white as snow; No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

### 384 o spirit of the living GOD.

1 O Spirit of the living God, In all Thy plenitude of grace, Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of

To preach the reconciling word; Give power and unction from above, Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light; Confusion - order, in Thy path; Souls without strength, inspire with might;

Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh The triumphs of the cross record; The name of Jesus glorify Till every kindred call Him Lord.

# Antioch, C. M.

Arr, from George Frederick Handel.



### JOY TO THE WORLD.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare Him room, And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; 4 To us a Child of hope is born, Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills,

and plains, Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and

And makes the nations prove The glories of His righteousness, And wonders of His love. ISAAC WATTS.

#### WONDERFUL COUNSELOR. 386 Isa. 9: 6.

1 To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given; Him shall the tribes of earth obey,

Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of For evermore adored; [Peace, The Wonderful, the Counselor,

The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;

His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard His throne above. And peace abound below.

To us a Son is given;

The Wonderful, the Counselor, The mighty Lord of heaven. JOHN MORRISON.

### 387 JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home-Name ever dear to me— When shall my labors have an end

In joy, and peace, in thee?

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,

Nor sin nor sorrow know;

Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes.

I onward press to you.

3 Why should I shrink at pain and

Or feel at death dismay?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view. And realms of endless day.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there Around my Saviour stand,

And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the glorious band.

# 388 THE SAVIOUR'S ADVENT.

1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour The Saviour promised long;

Let every heart prepare a throne, And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release, In Satan's bondage held;

The gates of brass before Him burst, The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice Restored to our unsinning state, To clear the mental ray, And on the eyes oppressed with night

To pour celestial day.

The wounded soul to cure.

And, with the treasures of His grace, To enrich the humble poor. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

#### 389 WALK IN THE LIGHT.

1 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love,

His Spirit only can bestow Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His,

Who dwells in cloudless light en-

In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt

Thy darkness passed away,

Because that light hath on thee shone In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall chase away its gloom,

For Christ hath conquered there.

BERNARD BARTON.

#### COME, SINNER, TO THE 390GOSPEL FEAST.

1 Come, sinner, to the gospel feast; Oh, come without delay;

For there is room in Jesus' home For all who will obey.

\*2 There's room in God's eternal love

To save thy precious soul; Room in the Spirit's grace above To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the church, redeemed

With blood of Christ divine; [vened Room in the white-robed throng, con-For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the And harps and crowns of gold,

And glorious palms of victory there, And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around thy Father's

For thee and millions more: Oh, come and welcome to the Lord. Yea, come this very hour.

\*Arranged by L. B. BATES. 1850.

# COME, LORD JESUS,

1 O Jesus, at Thy feet we wait, Till Thou shalt bid us rise,

To love's sweet paradise. Saviour from sin, we Thee receive,

From all indwelling sin: 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind, Thy blood, we steadfastly believe. Shall make us throughly clean.

> 3 Since Thou wouldst have us free from sin,

And pure as those above, Make haste to bring Thy nature in, And perfect us in love.

4 O that the perfect grace were given, Thy love diffused abroad!

O that our hearts were all a heaven,

CHARLES WESLEY.

#### GOD'S SERVANTS SAFE BY SEA OR LAND.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord! How sure is their defence! Eternal Wisdom is their guide, Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote, Supported by Thy care,

Through burning climes they pass unhurt.

And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne, High on the broken wave,

They know Thou art not slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire, Obedient to Thy will;

The sea, that roars at Thy command, At Thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,

Thy goodness we'll adore;

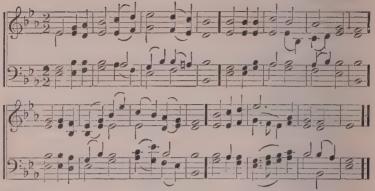
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that

Thy sacrifice shall be;

And death, when death shall be our .

Shall join our souls to Thee. JOSEPH ADDISON.



# 393 THE HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS.

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till Him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment, Nor will I hear, nor will I speak, The King's highway of holiness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not; Possess it Thou, who hast the right, My grief a burden long has been, Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power, I felt its weight and guilt the more; Till late I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest

Shalt take me to Thee, as I am; Nothing but sin have I to give; Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round, What a dear Saviour I have found, I'll point to Thy redeeming blood, And say, "Behold the way to God." JOHN CENNICK.

## 394 RENOUNCING ALL FOR CHRIST.

1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above, Assist me with Thy heavenly grace; Empty my heart of earthly love, And for Thyself prepare the place.

2 Oh, let Thy sacred presence fill, And set my longing spirit free; Which pants to have no other will, But night and day to feast on Thee. 3 While in this region here below, No other good will I pursue:

I'll bid this world of noise and show, With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll In which my Saviour's footsteps

Of any other love but Thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight Divide this consecrated soul; As Lord and Master of the whole. MAD. A. BOURIGNON. Tr. by J. WESLEY.

#### 395 LIVING TO CHRIST.

1 My gracious Lord, I own Thy right To every service I can pay, And call it my supreme delight

To hear Thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for Thee, Its sure support, its noblest end? 'Tis my delight Thy face to see, And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for earthly joy, Or to increase my worldly good; Nor future days nor powers employ

To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live, To Him who for my ransom died; Nor could all worldly honor give Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless. When youthful vigor is no more; And my last hour of life confess His dying love, His saving power. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

396 FROM EVERY STORMY WIND

1 From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat: 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid. When tempted, desolate, dismayed, Or how the hosts of hell defeat,

Had suffering saints no mercy-seat? 4 There, there on eagle wings we

And sin and sense molest no more; And heaven comes down our souls to

While glory crowns the mercy-seat. BOEHM.

#### 397 ASLEEP IN JESUS.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep: A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to sing, That death has lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me May such a blissful refuge be! Securely shall my ashes lie, And wait the summons from on high.

HO! EVERY ONE THAT

1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh 'Tis God invites the fallen race: Mercy and free salvation buy, Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come! Sinners, obey your Maker's call: Return, ye weary wanderers, home, And find His grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise; For you in healing streams it rolls; Money ye need not bring, nor price, Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give; Leave all you have and are behind; Frankly the gift of God receive; Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

JOHN WESLEY. THE YOKE EASY AND THE BURDEN LIGHT.

1 O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last submit At Jesus' feet to lay it down-To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find: Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,

Give me Thy meek and lowly mind. And stamp Thine image on my

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin, And fully set my spirit free. I cannot rest till pure within, Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

4()() THE VOW SEALED ON THE CROSS.

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine; With full consent Thine I would be. And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live. Thine would I die,

Be Thine through all eternity; The vow is past beyond repeal, And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here at that cross where flows the

That bought my guilty soul for God, Thee, my new Master, now I call, And consecrate to Thee my all.

4 Do Thou assist a feeble worm The great engagement to perform; Thy grace can full assistance lend. And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

#### 4()1 JESUS REIGNS.

1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song. And raise to Christ our joyful strain; Worship and thanks to Him belong, Who reigns and shall forever reign.

2 His sovereign power our bodies

made; Our souls are His immortal breath; And when His creatures sinned, He

To save us from eternal death.

3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love: Bound every heart with rapturous

And saints on earth, with saints above, Your voices in His praise employ. ROBERT A. WEST.

### 402 USED BY MR. WELSEY AT THE TABLE.

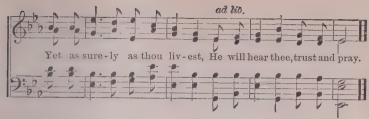
BLESSING INVOKED.

Be present at our table, Lord, Be here, and everywhere adored: [we These creatures bless, and grant that May feast in Paradise with Thee.

#### THANKS RETURNED.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food, But more because of Jesus' blood, Let manna to our souls be given, The bread of life sent down from heaven.







- 2 'Twas love that brought Him down
  For you and me,
  To bear the scoff and frown,
  For you and me:
  Responsive earth did quake,
  With love His heart did break,
  For sinners peace did make
  For you and me.
- 3 With crown of piercing thorn,
  For you and me,
  Reviled and put to scorn
  For you and me;
- The cleansing water flowed Mingled with precions blood Oh! full salvation's flood, For you and me.
- 4 "'Tis finished." hear! he cries,
  For you and me.
  Love's willing sacrifice,
  For you and me.
  The cup to dregs did drain,
  Upon that tree of pain,
  The vell is rent in twain
  For you and me.



# Bright Canaan.



Melody by D. C. WRIGHT. Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





## Beulah Land.



Mrs. J. P. BIXWY.

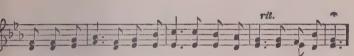
J. E. TRUBET.



1. Search me, O God, with pitying eye; Re-veal to me the sinsthat lie 2. Show me the sin that makes me stray From Thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way;

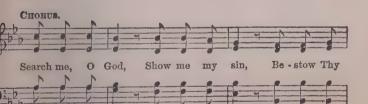


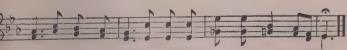




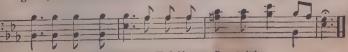
Be-yond the ken of hu-man face, But not, O God, be-yond Thygrace. Bring back my wand'ring feet a - gain, And wash a - way my ev-'ry stain. My-self a - ban - don, yes, I must, And in Thee whol-ly, whol-ly trust.







grace, and make me clean, Bestow Thy grace, and make me clean.



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411 Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

C. WESLEY. SOLO. SOP. or TENOR. Melody by D. C. WRIGHT, Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



# Love Divine, all Love Excelling. Concluded.



2.Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir · it In - to ev-'ry troubled breast; 4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre - a · tion, Pure and spotless let it be!

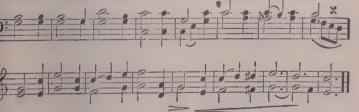


Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest. Let us see Thy greatsal-va-tion Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee:





Take a - way our bent to sin-ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be; Changed from glory in - to glo-ry, Till in heaven we take our place,—



End of faith, as its be-ginning, Set our hearts at lib er - ty.

Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.



CHOBUS.



Chorus.



# 414 Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

"Then He arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water."

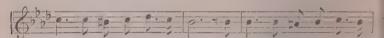


.. Rocked in . . the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me 2. And such . the trust that still were mine, Tho's torm-y

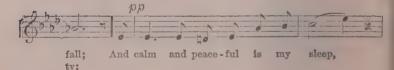


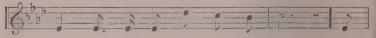
down in peace to sleep; Se-cure I rest up-on the winds sweep o'er the brine; Or, tho' the tempest's fi-cry





know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's o-cean's cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-



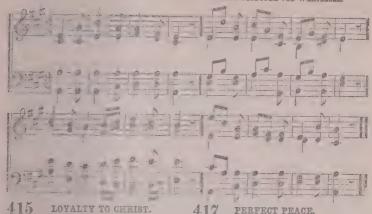


Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep; And



calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the doop.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSME.



1 King of kings, and wilt Thou dei

O'er this wayward heart to reign? Henceforth take it for Thy throne, Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.

2 Then, like heaven's angelic bands, Waiting for Thine high commands, All my powers shall wait on Thee, Captive, yet divisely free.

3 At Thy word my will shall bow, Judgment, reason, bending low; Hope, desire, and every thought, Into glad obedience brought.

4 Zeal shall haste on eager wing, Hourly some new gift to bring; Wisdom, humbly casting down At Thy feet her golden crown.

5 Tuned by Thee in sweet accord, All shall sing their gracious Lord; Love, the leader of the choir, Breathing round her scraph fire.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG.

THE GRACIOUS CALL.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your

I will guide you to your home; Weary wanderer, hither come;

2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's

Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary wanderer, hither haste. 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,

Seek for e-e, but seek in vain; Ye, by there requil a form, In terreta for guilt who mourn:— 4 littler cound for here is found

4 littler come! for here is found Baim that there is every wound; Peace that every all endure, Rost eternal, sacred, one. 1 Prince of peace, control my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;

Bid my fears and doubtings cease,— Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:

Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one: Chase these doubtings from my

Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour! at Thy feet I fall; Thou my life, my God, my all! Let Thy happy servant be One for ever more with Thee!

#### 418 HENDON. 7s.

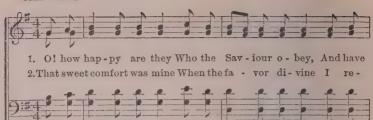
1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Jesus loves to answer prayer; He Himself invites thee near, Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to Thee for rest; Take possession of my breast; There Thy blood-bought right main tain.

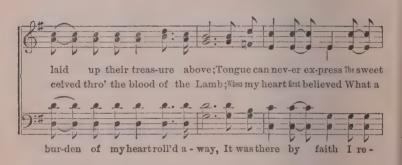
And without a rival reign.

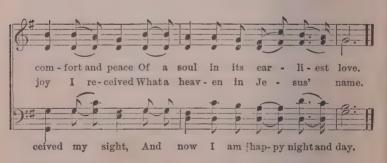
3 While I am a pilgrim here, Let Thy love my spirit cheer; As my guide, my guard, my friend, Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do; Every hour my strength renew; Let me live a life of fuith.— Let me die Thy people's death. CHAS. WESLEY.



REFRAIN. At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the





3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
The angels could do nothing more
Than fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

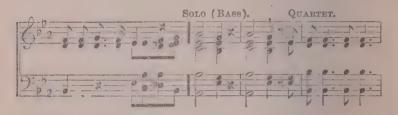
4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all His salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rehels like me.



LINDSAY, Arr. by JOSEPH P. HOLEROOK.

Solo (Soprano) or Duet. Vs. 1, 2, 3.

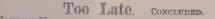


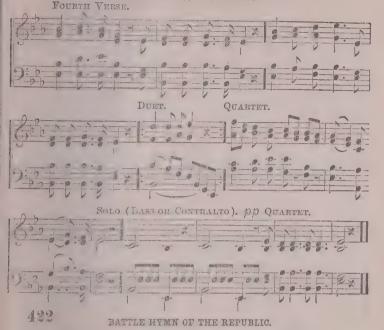




- 1 Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!
  Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
  "Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."
- 2 No light had we;—for that we do repent, And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent. "Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."
- 3 No light! so late! and dark and chill the night—Oh, let us in, that we may find the light.
  "Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now!"
- 4 Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
  Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss His feet.
  Oh, let us in, oh, let us in,
  Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss His feet.
  "No! no! too late! ye cannot enter now!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.





1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord: He is in appling exact the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loose! the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift sword: His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! And we are marching on.

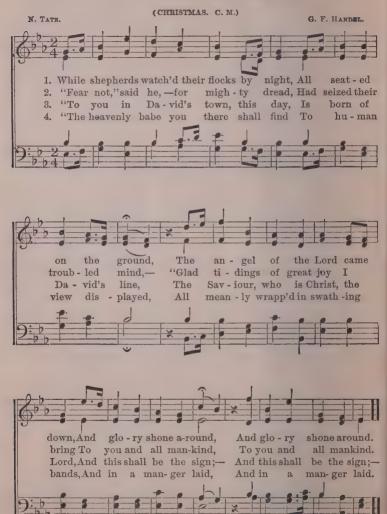
2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His day is marching on. Cho.

3 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat; Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet, Our God is marching on. Сно.

4 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, With a glory in If is bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on. Cho.

For tune see No. 137, Songs of Joy and Gladness.

# While Shepherds Watched.



5 Thus spake the seraph—and forth- 6 "All glory be to God on high, with And to the earth be peace:

Appeared a shining throng Good-will henceforth from heave

Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

Good-will henceforth from heaven to men Begin, and never cease!"

#### Memories of Galilee.





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#### My Home is there. Concurded.



an - gels bright, wear crowns, wear an



crowns of light, My home is there, my home is there.

Away from worldly loss and gain, From all temptation, tears and care;

3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain, 4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates, Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits, Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair; My home is there, my home is there.

#### 426

# My Telegram's Gone.

1 What wondrous methods God has

I'll send a telegram of prayer.

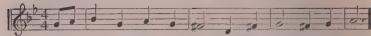
To the palace of glory My Father's there, My telegram's gone, My telegram's gone.

2 God's telegraph is strong and free. My message goes without a fee; God's image is the stamp I choose, God's promise is the form I use.

3 I wire for God my soul to fill, I wire for power to do His will; I wire before the throne of grace, I wire to reach the holy place.

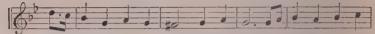
4 I wire to get the Spirit's shower, I wire for full salvation power; I wire for blood and fire to wave. I wire for God to come and save.

# 427 I've Given All for Christ.

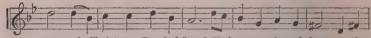


1. How pre-cious is the name, brethren sing, brethren sing, 2. I've giv-en all for Christ, He's my all, He's my all,

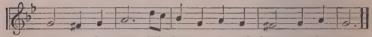
3. His eas - y yoke I'll bear with de-light, with de-light, 4. I feel the love of God in my soul, in my soul,



How precious is the name, brethren sing; How precious is the I've giv - en all for Christ, He's my all: I've giv - en all for His eas - y yoke I'll bear with de-light, His eas - y yoke I'll I feel the love of God in my soul: I feel the love of



name of Christ, our Paschal Lamb, Who bore our sin and shame on the Christ, and my spir-it can-not rest Un-less He's in my breast, reigning bear, and His cross I will not fear, His name I will declare ev-er-God, in my heart'tis shed a-broad, And I will serve my God here be-

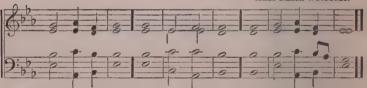


tree, on the tree, Who bore our sin and shame on the tree. there, reigning there, Un-less He's in my breast, reigning there more, ev - er - more, His name I will de - clare, ev - er - more. low, here be - low, And I will serve my God here be - low.

#### 428

# Thy Will Be Done.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



1 "Thy will be | done!" | In devious This prayer will make it more diway vine: |

The hurrying streams of | life may | run; |

Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, | "Thy will be | done!"

2 "Thy will be | done!" | If o'er us shine

A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, |

3 "Thy will be | done!" | Though shrouded o'er

"Thy will be I done!"

Our | path with | gloom, | one comfort, one

Is ours: to breathe, while we adore, | "Thy will be | done!"

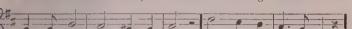
Sir John Bowring.

By per, of OLIVEB DITSON & Co., owners of copyright.





- 1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ve lan - guish; Come to the
- 2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing. Hope of the 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the



mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er. throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;



here tell your an -guish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal. ten - der-ly say-ing, "Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure." come, ev - er knowing Earth has no sorrow but Heav'n can remove.

#### 430

#### The Lord's Prayer.

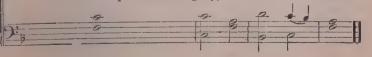


Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it in heaven.

And forgive us our trespasses, as we them that trespass a - gainst us. forgive

For Thine is the kingdom, and the

power and the glory, for - ever.





My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,

. My days are gitting swirtly by, Mould not detain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and danger. Chorus.

For oh! we stand on fordan's strand, Our friends are passing over, And just before, the shining shore By tait! we now discover. 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,

We need not cease our singleg; That perfect rest naught can molest Where golden horps are ringing.

Let sorrows rules' temp sts blow, Each cord on earth to sever.

Our Kng says come, and the 'e's end home,

For ever, oh! forever!



" He is the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley .- Solomon's Song, fit 1.



#### Home to Canaan.

ANNA C. STOREY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- 1. We've launched our bark upon the wave, Though many a storm we yet must brave; With
- 2. With an-char firm and trust -y erew That never failed their work to do Our
- 3. The same command we all o-bey, That bids us watchbath night and day, The
- 4. O promised land thy port draws nigh, The morning breaks, the shadows fly, We 5. O friends that wait on yonder shore, The last dark hour will soon be o'er; and





Him whose arm is strong to save, We're go - ing home to Ca-naan. on-ward course we still pur-sue, To reach the land of Ca-naan. same old chart di - rects our way, That led our sires to Ca-naan. soon shall hear the joy - ful cry Be - hold the land of Ca-naan. then to meet and part no more We'll shoutsafe home to Ca-naan.





Our sails are spread with songs of cheer, No storms we dread, no wreck we fear. Our





faith-ful Pi - lot, ev - er near, Will bring us home to Ca-naan.



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# 437 Who'll stand up for Jesus?



4 My all to Christ I've given, My talents, time and voice, Myself, my reputation, The lone way is my choice.

5 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, My all-sufficient Friend! Come, fold me to Thy bosom, E'en to the journey's end.

# 438 Pardon, Cleanse and Comfort me.



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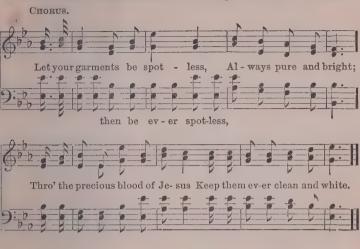


# 441 Let Your Garments Be always White.

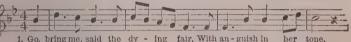


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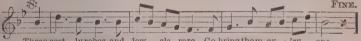
# Let Your Garments be Always White. concluded.



442 Selling Heaven. C. M.

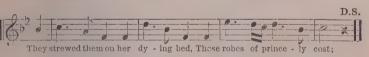


1. Go, bring me, said the dy - ing fair, with an - guish in her tone,



Those cost - ly robes and jew - els rare, Go, bring them ev - 'ry one.

D.S. Fa - ther, with bit - ter - ness she said, For these my soul is lost!



2 With glorious hopes I once was blest, Nor feared the gaping tomb;

With heaven already in my heart,
I looked for heaven to come.
I heard a Saviour's pard'ning voice,

My soal was filled with peace;
Father, you bo't me with these toys,
I bartered heaven for these.

3 Take them, they are the price of blood, For them I lost my soul,

For them must bear the wrath of God While ceaseless ages roll. Remember, when you look on these, Your daughter's fearful doom,

W. HUNTER.

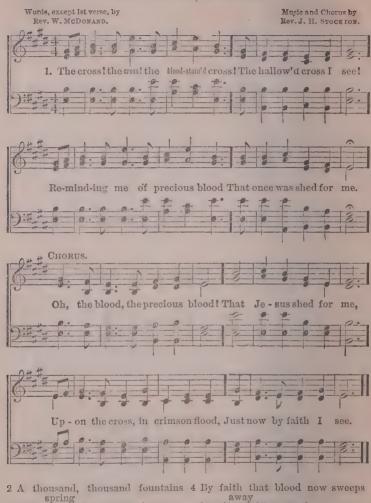
That she, her pride and thine to please, Went quaking to the tomb.

4 Go, bear them from my sight and touch; Your gifts I here restore;

Keep them with care, they cost you much, They cost your daughter more.

Look at them every rolling year Upon my dying day,

And drop for me the burning tear, She said, and sunk away.



Up from the throne of God; But none to me such blessings bring, As Jesus' precious blood.—Cno.

3 That priceless blood my ransom

While I in bondage stood; On Jesus all my sins were laid, He sav'd me with His blood.—Сно.

My sins, as like a flood;
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay:

All praise to Jesus' blood.—Čno.

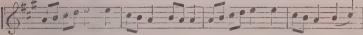
This wondrous theme will best em-

ploy
My harp before my God,
And make all heaven resound with

joy, For Jesus' cleansing blood.—Cao. (The last four lines of first stanza will be used as a chorus.)



Ye who know your sins for - giv-en, And are happy in the Lord, Have you read that gracious promise Which is left up - on re-cord?



will sprinkle you with water. I will cleanse you from all sin.



Sanc - ti -fy and make you ho -ly, I will dwell and reign with -in.

- 2 Though you have much peace and comfort, 6 Be as holy, and as happy, Greater things you yet may find; Freedom from unholy tempers,
- Freedom from the carnal mind.
- To procure your perfect freedom, Jesus suffer'd, groan'd and died; On the cross the healing fountain
  - Gushed from his wounded side.
- 3 O ye tender babes in Jesus, Hear your Heavenly Father's will;

And He quickly will fulfil. Pray, and the refining fire

Will come streaming from above: Now believe and gain the blessing, Nothing less than perfect love.

- 4 If you have obtained this treasure, Search and you shall surely find All the Christian marks and graces Planted, growing in your mind. Perfect taith and perfect patience, Perfect lowliness, and then Perfect hope and perfect meekness, Perfect love for God and men.
- 5 But be sure to gain the witness Which abides both day and night; This your God has plainly promised, This is like a stream of light. While you keep the blessed witness,
- All is clear and calm within;
- God Himself assures you by it That your heart is cleans'd from sin.

- And as useful here below. As it is your Father's pleasure, Jesus, only Jesus know.
- Spread, O spread the holy fire, Tell, O tell what God has done,
- Till the nations are conformed To the image of His Son.
- 7 Witnesses might be produced Of this glorious work of love,
- Claim your portion, plead His promise, Paul and James, and John and Peter. Long before they went above.
  - Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands Have, and do, and will appear; Let me ask the solemn question: Has the Lord a witness here?
  - 8 Wake up, brother! wake up, sister! Seek, O seek this holy state;
  - None but holy ones can enter Thro' the pure celestial gate.
  - Can you bear the thought of losing All the joys that are above?
  - No, my brother, no, my sister, God will perfect you in love.
  - 9 May a mighty sound from heaven Suddenly come rushing down,
  - Cloven tongues like as of fire, May they sit on all around.
  - O may every soul be filled With the Holy Ghost to-day;
  - It is coming, it is coming,
    - O prepare, prepare the way...



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